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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

When General Kitchener told his Staff at dinner one day he was to have a peerage he mentioned that he had been trying to think of a title. He said "I suppose it will have to be Kitchener of Khartoum", and he added that it would be rather a nuisance in a way, because of course he would be nicknamed K. of K. "Why", exclaimed one of his aides-de-camp, "that's the very title for you—King of Kings!" We hope that Lord Kitchener, in the profoundly important but obscure discussion at Malta between himself and Mr. Asquith and Mr. Churchill, will play the master part, for then our position in the Mediterranean will be secured.

"Five to two in favour of the men" is Mr. Ben Tillett's reading of Sir Edward Clarke's report. The truth is not so simple. The two points on which Sir Edward Clarke has reported in favour of the masters are cardinal; the five are subsidiary. Mr. Gosling, opening the men's case at Sir Edward Clarke's inquiry on Friday of last week, said that the men's principal grievance was the masters' employment of non-unionists; and it is precisely this principal grievance, embodied in points one and two of the men's gravamina, in which judgment has gone against them. Mr. Gosling said at the opening of the inquiry that on this question the men could not possibly give way. Sir Edward Clarke now declares—and the Government supports him—that on this particular point the men are clearly in the wrong.

Thomas was a non-union man—in trade-unionist jargon, a man who had not the Federation ticket. A unionist workman refused to work with him, and a strike was declared. This was flatly against the agree-

ment between men and masters of August last: "In all cases of dispute or difficulties arising no member shall knock off work, but continue his employment and report to his society as soon as possible. The matter shall then be dealt with forthwith by the Masters' Association and the Men's Society, and in the event of not coming to agreement the question in dispute shall be referred to the Board of Trade".

The refusal of unionist workmen to work with a non-unionist is clearly a breach of the agreement of last August. It was understood by masters and men that, as Mr. Tillett put it, "the workman was a free agent". The men through their leaders admitted that they had no right to prevent the masters employing unionists or non-unionists at their discretion; and it was explicitly stated in the agreement that "the members of the National Transport Federation will not demand or request that foremen shall be members of the Federation". It is really astonishing that, though these points were discussed and clearly settled less than twelve months ago, the men should now be claiming the right to force non-union men to join the union, and should charge the masters with want of faith in employing non-unionists.

Of the five subsidiary points none, in itself—except perhaps the refusal (point three) of the lightermen employers to meet a branch of the Watermen's Union—was a strong enough motive for a strike. One of the most remarkable cases is that of a tug's captain ordered to tow the "Lady Jocelyn", loaded with non-union men who were being brought into port to take the place of unionists on strike. To tow the "Lady Jocelyn" full of blacklegs to fill the places of honest men was irony more than trade-unionist-human-nature could endure. The tug's captain bluntly refused. Naturally he was dismissed, to turn up last week in a seventh head of grievance against the masters.

The Government, on receiving Sir Edward Clarke's inquiry, immediately wrote to masters and men, pointing out that there could be no further doubt as to the meaning of the agreements of last August—that the strike could not lawfully continue. The men were

plainly asked whether they intended to keep faith with the masters; and return to work, pending a settlement of their disputes by the Board of Trade as provided in their agreement. Meantime the Government invited the masters to meet the men at the Board of Trade "to endeavour to arrive at a general settlement of the labour disputes which so seriously affect the trade of the Port and the interests of the public".

The Government are piously of opinion "that agreements should be strictly followed". But the men refuse to go back to work; and the masters refuse to come to a meeting. The masters' refusal is in the circumstances not unnatural. The men have broken the agreement and persist in the breach. Less than a year ago the masters met the men in a series of conferences, and the agreements then arrived at were sanctioned by Government. What, they say, is the use of further conferences without some guarantee that the men will be held to their word? So the Conference met on Friday—minus the masters! This was Hamlet without the soliloquies.

Nevertheless, their refusal to meet the men is perhaps unwise. They are on certain points clearly in the wrong; though Sir Edward Clarke is unable to find an obvious breach of agreement. Had they accepted the Government's suggestion to confer they would even more clearly put in the wrong the men who have refused the Government's suggestion to return to work.

The Government is struck on both cheeks; but its first duty is clear. Already it is obvious that, given protection for free labour, the trade unionists will not be able to starve the community into any settlement against public policy. Fullst protection must be given to all men willing to work. Even so, the damage of the strike will be very heavy. Transport through the home railways is fortunately undisturbed, so that English fruit and farm produce will be stimulated into market; but the foreign fruit trade, just now at its height, is spoiled for the season. Meat continues to be safely brought through to Smithfield under protection; but the temper of the crowd is uncertain. In a serious riot the present arrangements for convoy would be absurdly inadequate.

The police convoys have not acted with unnecessary violence; and the Strike Committee's hortations are beyond all reason. It seems that the police on Wednesday morning bringing meat into Smithfield actually rode through the crowd "without regard to public safety". What does the Strike Committee expect? These policemen were on duty to see that the vans got safely through an unsympathetic crowd. If a crowd assembles in the way of the vans the policemen must ride through the crowd as best they can. In the view of the Strike Committee this is to "act as brutal instruments of the capitalist class". The Strike Committee calls upon the police "to honour the fact that they are members of the working class". Apparently they are to honour the fact by leaving vans in their charge to be overturned and robbed by the crowd.

Nothing very new or of any consequence happened at the annual conferences of the Independent Labour party and Mr. Hyndman's British Socialist party. The newest is the trouble with both about their newspapers. The executive of the Labour party was assailed over the "Labour Leader"; and quite a considerable number of its members are sure they could edit the newspaper better than it is edited. An interesting bit of information about the journalism of the British Socialist party is that its experiment in founding a newspaper only reached the dummy stage. An article on syndicalism killed cock robin. Both the opportunist Labour party and the doctrinaire Socialists disapprove of syndicalism; but not more than each of them disapproves of the views of the other.

The members seem only to agree in going for illustrations to Russia when they disapprove of their own people, and so we learn that the executive committee emulated the Russian bureaucracy over the syndicalist article. This criticism may have had some point for Mr. Hyndman's "bear garden", but the President of the Labour party's about Russia could have none anywhere. There is no "alliance" with Russia, and if there was, how would the Malecka case be the "heavy price" we are paying for it? Even if "the Tsardom and the Warsaw Court" are all that Mr. Anderson's banal fancy paints them, they would not treat Miss Malecka worse with our "alliance" than without, but more likely better.

Was it not Mr. John Burns who was wont to speak—indignantly—of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill as the "Bounding Brothers"? Mr. Churchill clearly has cut the connexion, but Mr. Lloyd George bounds high and low as ever. His latest at Swansea marks an advance on the Tabernacle. Such Liberals as Lord S. Davids, Lord Pontypridd and Sir D. Brynmor Jones were on the platform to cheer his references to the "Most High", "vessels consecrated to the sanctuary . . . meat dedicated to the altar", now on the "sideboards" of the Dooks; and pore old people crowded by "ten thousand little Czars" in the rural districts "in miserable dens, the crevices of which are seething with disease and death". The Home Secretary wrote that "with the deepest regret and disappointment" he was prevented from attending. So the Chancellor of the Exchequer has another Bounding Brother to fill the gap.

Though he spoke against the Home Rule Bill, Mr. Agar Robartes voted for it, which was some solid consolation for his Liberal friends; and now, having voted for the Bill, Mr. Robartes has spoken against it, which is some consolation—if not very solid—for his Unionist opponents. But it does not end even at this, for the member for the S. Austell division of Cornwall has just declared that, unless Ulster is left out and the Bill drastically improved, he will be obliged to vote against the third reading. If this happens, Mr. Robartes will surely have achieved a record. It needs a nimble wit in truth to follow him, and it is no wonder the S. Austell division of Cornwall Liberal officials have been unequal to the task; they have decided to support Home Rule and to support Mr. Robartes.

What is almost as amusing is that two stout Radical M.P.s have proposed and seconded Mr. Agar Robartes for membership of the National Liberal Club. Are they beginning to think then at the National Liberal that "Ulster will be right" after all? The hopeless confusion into which we are all plunged by Mr. Robartes' policy of voting for the Home Rule Bill and declaring against it might well be capped by the Irish party standing him a complimentary dinner on his election as member of the Club.

Rebellions, Mr. Balfour insisted in his speech this week, have succeeded with us in England, revolutions never; for the exclusion of James II. was a rebellion, while Cromwell, breaking unwillingly enough with tradition, was a revolutionary indeed—and a failure. "In a little more than two years the hour of vengeance struck"—the heads that Pepys saw at the southern end of Westminster Hall and the rest of it. The words quoted are John Morley's, whose "Oliver Cromwell" confirms Mr. Balfour's view on every other page, and his moral that really to make the best of the future you must not ignore the past.

While the French Chamber is considering in detail the scheme for the future government of Morocco, the Moors themselves are refusing to be governed at all. Intentionally or unintentionally, Mulai Hafid has done the French immense harm by letting it be known that he wished to abdicate. If he stays it will be said that

he is a prisoner in French hands; if he goes the French will be charged with having dethroned him. The arrival of the French Resident-General has brought things to a head. All the country round Fez is up, and the position of the French garrison is serious. Already the army of occupation is little short of 50,000, and further increases are necessary. No wonder people in Paris are beginning to ask whether France has not bought a pig in a poke.

This week the danger point in the Near East has shifted from Albania to Athens. The Chamber reassembles to-day, and the first question before it is whether the Cretan deputies shall be allowed to take their seats in token of the island's union with Greece. M. Venezelos, the Greek Premier, must have been sorely tempted. He is himself a Cretan. The deputies have got to Athens in spite of the Powers. The Greek people are enthusiastic. It is doubtful, too, whether Turkey dare risk another war just now, and it is possible that Bulgaria would attack her if she did. But M. Venezelos has decided that Greece requires peace at all costs, and has apparently succeeded in persuading the Cretans to have patience a little longer. He is a remarkable man and a fine patriot.

By his success in Ohio Mr. Roosevelt spoils the President's chances; by his success in New Jersey he has strengthened his own. New Jersey is a Conservative State, full of the respectable business men whom Mr. Roosevelt's Radicalism was expected to shock. His victory shows he is regaining his lost prestige in the Eastern States. Moreover, the New Jersey vote will influence the Convention when it comes to deal with the contested delegates. The party managers will almost certainly feel that they had better have as many Roosevelt men in as possible, Mr. Taft being now pretty well out of the running.

A negro insurrection in Cuba need not mean unmentionable horrors. Possibly the Cuban Government could quiet things down by doles, if left to itself. But it is not likely to be left to itself. American opinion is ready to believe anything of the black man, the Platt amendment to the Constitution opens the way to intervention, and already there is a demand for something to be done. That is why a warship has been sent to the island. Moreover, the American public cannot trust President Gomez to handle the situation. Why should they? They know that most of his officials owe their posts to political intrigues and not to merit. Meanwhile their excitement is only making matters worse, for the Cuban negro hates the Yankee more than he ever hated the Spaniard.

Mr. Borden's visit to England at the end of this month to discuss with the Imperial Government the question of Canada's naval programme will be the best proof that the Dominion has abandoned her little navy ideas once and for all. Canada intends to make a real contribution to the Imperial forces and to bring herself into line with the only sound principles of naval defence. The Colonies have indeed not been slow to grasp the truth that it is a mere waste of energy and money to have a few vessels, however modern, in or about their ports incapable of rendering service at the strategic centre. At the launching of the "Melbourne" on Thursday Captain Muirhead Collins, speaking on behalf of the Commonwealth, said that Australia in building a navy was moved by a sense not only of local requirements but of Imperial obligations. The readiness with which the Colonies are placing their ships under Imperial control is as hopeful for the future as their lead in tariff matters.

"Pray that Jerusalem may love
Peace and Felicity"

goes the old metrical psalm which ends the sitting of the annual Parliament of the Scottish Church. "Jerusalem" is the regular symbolic term for the Kirk of Scotland—so closely was the Old Testament with the

heart and mind of that Western nation which of all others finds the concrete Hebrew most anti-pathetic. Inside, the Fathers and Brethren arranged as in the House of Commons, with their Moderator, in his Court dress, lace ruffles, gown and hood, for Speaker. Above them, on the canopied throne, the Lord High Commissioner in green and gold—"her Grace" beside him, backed by a glittering staff—signifying the link of Church and Sovereign.

In the General Assemblies of the Established Church of Scotland and the United Free Church what has taken place during the week is a powerful counterblast against the Welsh Disestablishment folly. While disunion is the policy in Wales, Scotland's two greatest Churches, only separated by a theory of voluntarism held by the United Free Church, are seriously striving for union on the basis of a National Church. The movement is a live one; and though it was not to be expected that the proposals that have been formulated, and were ripe enough for discussion this week in the assemblies, would at once be agreed on as satisfactory, the prospects are encouraging. The resolutions actually passed in both assemblies assure a continuance of the negotiations; and express a lively desire that further discussion may remove the difficulties that stand in the way of a definite project.

All this is a very remarkable sign of the times. Prophecies made twelve years ago, when the United Free Church was formed out of the Free Church and the United Presbyterian Church, would have forecast the course of things quite differently. That union seemed the start of a new campaign against the establishment and endowment of any Church as the Church of Scotland. No idea of union with the Established Church would have been conceivable by those who founded the United Free Church on any other basis than disestablishment and disendowment. Yet the memorandum of union proposed to it by the Established Church has been considered by a committee and reported on to the assembly of the United Free Church with the results above mentioned.

Lord Guthrie, a Judge of the Court of Session and a United Free Church leader, urges on his Church that their theory of voluntarism ought not to stand in the way of union in the actual circumstances of the religious life of Scotland which requires that resources devoted to religion shall be preserved for religious purposes. The Church of Scotland is just as free from State control as any Church that calls itself free; and it would not submit to State control in doctrine or government in any scheme for the distribution of the endowments amongst the Churches. But it is this point as to State relationship, and the possibilities of legislation which would be necessary, which makes the United Free Church hesitate. What is certain is that it is in no disestablishment mood.

Wilbur Wright, with his brother Orville—for the two men cannot be separated in science or craft—was the first man to be lifted from the ground in a motor-driven machine heavier than air. Already in 1905 Wilbur Wright was "flying" at Dayton in the United States; before anyone in Europe was ready even to believe it was possible. Wilbur Wright, with his brother Orville, invented the aeroplane for himself almost from first principles. But he had more to do than that. He had also to make the world believe in him. Leaving his brother to convert the Americans at Washington, he crossed to Europe in 1908; and, flying for nearly two-and-a-half hours at Le Mans, a distance of ninety-three miles, compelled the incredulous to take him seriously. He has lived long enough to see the aeroplane adopted by the armies and navies of Europe.

Wilbur Wright was more than a daring sportsman with a turn for mechanics. He was typically the inventor, absorbed in his craft—looking no further than for

the mere necessary funds to enable him to buy materials and pay for breakages. He avoided the public; was disliked by the Press; was indifferent as well to the derision with which he was first received as to the applause that followed. He came to Le Mans to win neither cash nor credit; but to convince the world that it was possible to motor into the air.

Whatever may be the result of the struggle between the Covent Garden opera syndicate and Mr. Hammerstein, one thing is certain: Covent Garden has never made so daring a bid for the support of genuine musical enthusiasts as Mr. Hammerstein is making in the production of Mr. Holbrooke's "Children of Don". More than the fate of a single opera is at stake. Should Mr. Holbrooke's work prove a hit, we may confidently expect other English operas to be given a chance; should the public stay away no one will dare to blame Mr. Hammerstein if he refrains from further experiments. Let all those who wish to see English opera a living fact book their seats and give the work a fair hearing. English opera has hitherto spelt failure because the English public would not so much as listen to it.

Provincial cities, in respect of art, are woefully provided. The evidence in the Castiglione picture case brings it home. What we suppose was indescribable rubbish was regularly disposed of to provincial people. The clever trickery of the system is beside the point; the sad thing is that so little effort is made to put examples of real art within the reach of the provinces. We believe that in the eyes of the large London galleries the provincial collections are mainly considered as dumping grounds for loans of discreditable pictures whose room is needed.

In the same way Colonial museums are too often supplied with the sort of old masters that the fraudulent dealer knows so well how to fake. A generous ignorant donor or an enterprising dealer, the one innocently, the other from business, keep art a closed book to New Zealanders or Canadians. Obviously the provincial who drives keen bargains in faked Michelangelos and Titians is artistically a foolish snob. But we certainly do not help them by generous loans of rubbish from the National Galleries.

Mr. Senator Smith has issued his report or address on the "Titanic" Inquiry in America. It is an extraordinary document quite as violent on all counts as one might have expected; it is utterly without restraint, ramping and injudicial to a degree. It is full of flourish and emotion, and the style throughout is that of a penny shocker. On the whole Mr. Senator Smith will probably not strike most people as being an unkind man. But without doubt he is the man we describe in England as an ass.

Here is a specimen of the style in which this American Senator reports officially to the American Senate:

In this sorrowful experience we can see again in our imagination the proud ship instinct with life and energy, with active figures again swarming upon its decks; musicians who filled the last moment with melody and Spartan courage, and teachers, artists, authors, soldiers, and men of large affairs; brave men and noble women of every land—we can see the unpretentious and the lowly, turning their back upon the Old World, where endurance is to them no longer a virtue, and looking hopefully to the new—and the ship suddenly reels and gives up the unequal battle, but upon that broken hull new vows were taken, new fealty expressed, old love renewed, and those who had been devoted in friendship and companions in life went proudly and defiantly on the last life pilgrimage together.

There was one strangely mean thing in the address—the statement that several of the officers left the sinking ship with all the haste they could. There is not a word of truth in this calumny. The officers carried on bravely, and on the whole with resource. We hope American seamen will call this frothy man to account.

WANTED—AN EXECUTIVE.

WE had the mild pleasure at breakfast of reading out to a Liberal M.P. the Hackney figures the morning after the election. "Well", he said with the candour common to many party men in private but naturally absent from them in public, "I think we have done quite well, considering the weakness of the Government in most constituencies at the present time". Now this came from one of the reasoning and judicious supporters of the Government; from a moderate but earnest Liberal, a Home Ruler and Disestablisher within limits, and a sympathiser with the poor and the claims of labour. He went on to attribute the unpopularity of the Government just now largely to the Insurance Act. This measure, he said, would probably cost him his seat—a county constituency in the South of England, which is Liberal and strong Nonconformist by a tradition almost of centuries. The Insurance Act is doubtless very much disliked in many constituencies, if not in every constituency outside the Celtic fringe. But the weakness of the Government, the grogginess at the knees of that great, soft, wasting giant, the Liberal party to-day, has to do with other causes besides the Insurance Act. The main reason of its weakness is the way in which it has yielded to clamant after clamant, so that the House of Commons to-day gives the most grotesque spectacle seen in two hundred years of party life—a huge pretence of driving through at the same time a whole group of measures any one of which would ordinarily represent the life of an entire Parliament. We should very much like to rejoice to the top of our bent in that miserable exhibition of incompetency and weakness. But we are denied the joy; for it is too clear that, when the Government presently breaks up, it must leave a woeful legacy of disorder and discontent to its successors. The Government has sown the storm: how can we be sure its successors will not reap the whirlwind?

There is no doubt in the world that for the whole host of disturbances and threats of violence and Syndicalism which are features of to-day, and will be much more marked features of to-morrow, this Government is largely responsible. We do not say that it is wholly responsible. There were people who wished to have other folks' places in the sun, there were people who wished to have a hand in other men's pockets, ere the Chancellor of the Exchequer preached in the Tabernacle, or the Prime Minister showed by the order paper of the Commons that those who ask shall have, provided only they can show a vote and ask for something that belongs to another man. These types date back, indeed, to a time long before the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer and before the first Liberal or Radical or Whig was dreamt of. The early stone man, no doubt, or the cave man, wished to have some other man's place in the sun; and the type may even continue after the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Prime Minister have disappeared from human ken as completely as those who inhabit the long barrows or the gravel drift under the river. The Government is not primarily responsible for the type any more than it is responsible for the suffragette. But it is largely responsible for the alarming success of the more brutal, and for the extreme striker to-day, and for the daily growing influence and numbers of this class. The extremists, who are for starving out London, and do not care a jot what sufferings they bring to the poor in city and country, would never have laid hold of the reins had there been a bold, unflinching driver on the Government coach able to hold his team well in hand. The extremists have taken courage and come to the front through witnessing exhibition after exhibition of pitiable weakness by this Ministry of logrollers and time-servers.

The weakness of Ministers, their sick dread of offending any considerable body of men ever likely to vote for them, is well shown in the very acts they take to keep some sort of order. They dare, for example, in some moment of inspired courage, to act against men openly urging our soldiers to mutiny; or they

suffer the police to guard the provisions of London from the brute violence of a mob; and forthwith we are all so deeply grateful for this protection that, in the moment of deliverance at least, we can scarcely forbear from offering them our heartfelt thanks! This is not over-stating the case at all. If anyone cares hereafter to turn up the back files of London and country papers which favour law and order, they will find the Government praised even by some of its political opponents for allowing the police to do their duty last Tuesday! To what a stage have we come when Mr. McKenna appears a half-hero to the friends of order, and a worse tyrant than Sidmouth to the mob, when he plucks up spirit for the most elementary act of government! He suffers the police to "persuade" the would-be wreckers not to break up the transport waggons and fling from their seats the drivers; that is his output of executive authority as Home Secretary; and even in venturing gingerly so far he hastens to assure his angry critics that he has no intention of using the military! Why, even Mr. Birrell, when the pastime of cattle-driving was at its height in Ireland, was more Minister than this: he did at any rate allow the Royal Irish Constabulary to act, a body in the nature of a military and armed force.

It is the custom among all Radicals to regard Lord Salisbury's saying about the need of ten years of "resolute government" as a "blazer": and it is quite likely that if a Unionist Leader of to-day were to repeat the saying there would be a great outcry of alarm and indignation. Timid things even on his own side might beg him to declare next day that nothing was really further from his thought than resolute government, and that the shorthand writers had phrased his words all wrong.

Yet what was Lord Salisbury uttering but a truism of anything worth styling Government or Executive? There is nothing in that term "resolute government" to alarm or offend any good or passably good citizen. It does not mean a fresh Six Acts or hanging for handkerchief-sneaking. It does not mean that those whom the Chancellor of the Exchequer styles a "thousand little Czars" will be free to lay big gins again for poachers by Welsh waters—if we recollect Mr. Hardy's "Woodlanders" aright, about the last time a gin of the kind was laid, it ended in a lady, who was eloping to her husband, being caught by the petticoat, and the setter of it was just the kind of hero to whom the Chancellor of the Exchequer appeals.

Ten years of resolute government merely means that rioters and looters and bullies and hooligans shall not be given a free hand. There is absolutely nothing in the words—and there was nothing in Lord Salisbury's thoughts when he spoke them—to imply that poor people shall suffer, that liberty shall be curtailed, wages lowered, or ordered and humane progress in any way discouraged.

It is extremely clear and sure that the working man has no more to dread in ten years of resolute government than has the capitalist. On the contrary, what the workers have to dread far more are the years of irresolution such as we are passing through now. The working man can at such a time only get his condition improved by fits and starts, and between each little improvement he knows a period of agony and often grinding want; for a country cannot concentrate truly on human and natural progress while it is constantly in the throes of social disorder and lawlessness.

If a Unionist Government comes to office in the near future it will have a tremendous problem to deal with. No Conservative who thinks can miss the truth that the labour problem is bigger than anything in this generation of politics or in the last. It is bigger, and far more complex and harder in detail, than those of 1846 or 1832. It is folly to suppose that it does not dwarf the Home Rule business or Disestablishment or the re-shaping and re-fortifying of the House of Lords. They occupy old ground, and we have become more or less expert about them. The last and the least argument for and against them has been uttered often. This other is by comparison new ground. The fool has

forgotten more about the Lords than the wise man has yet learnt about labour. But before the Ministry's successors can do anything to real effect they will have to restore the power and prestige of the Executive; and at the rate the present Government is wasting these things it looks as if this in itself will take up several of the ten years.

SIR EDWARD CLARKE'S REPORT.

SIR EDWARD CLARKE is concise and clear, and taking into account the mass of detail involved, unexpectedly brief. The experiment of appointing a Commissioner to sift the issues of a labour dispute in its early stages—in lawyer language to examine the allegations and close the pleadings—is novel. Lawyer-like too the parties, once they come to grips, put into their brief every point that can be raked up, whether material to the issues or makeweight by way of prejudice. Sir Edward Clarke has boldly brushed aside all prejudice and presents the facts clean cut for public examination. His method is essentially the lawyer's as opposed to the politician's. Seven points are taken, and we are told the men win by five to two. There is no question of victory to either side. Both sides are clearly in the wrong, and the Report in substance tells them that they must keep the agreements made and settle their differences in the manner provided for by those agreements. As a consequence the Chief Industrial Commissioner has been requested by the Government to arbitrate on the facts found by Sir Edward Clarke. The labour leaders apparently have accepted the arbitration, but the employers, weary they say of agreements made only to be broken at will, refuse to budge from the solemn award made, accepted and put into force as a final settlement only a short time ago. We are concerned at present simply with Sir Edward Clarke's findings. The first point taken is the claim of the labour leaders that the employment of non-union men is a breach of the agreement. Here the finding is emphatically against the union, whose leaders are aptly convicted out of their own mouths by reference to explanations given by them when the matter was under discussion last year. "All we want", said Mr. Tillett in effect, "is that the men shall be free agents unionists or non-unionists"; and confirming him, Mr. Gosling, "that is made clear in our note". That is the promise. But in the light of recent happenings how it is interpreted may be gathered from Mr. Wilson's remark, "We shall see that every man gets into the union, and shall use every means to bring that about". The agreement further provides that in case of any dispute work shall continue until the point in question has been referred to a conference of union and employers' representatives; and, failing agreement there, reference to the Board of Trade follows. A non-union man, uninfluenced by his employer, refused to join the union. The union officials, when the employer refused to discharge this non-unionist, without any reference as provided by the agreement, called out their men working for the employer. Eventually the strike became general. Here the Commissioner finds in effect, and there could have been no other finding, that the men's leaders have attempted to drive every worker into the union, and in direct breach of the agreement first to confer, in the event of trouble, deliberately forced the employers to lock out the men. One may juggle with words as one pleases, the fact remains that the union ultimatum to the employers was our men or none, refuse and no work shall be done. The second point is substantially the first over again with another class of workers, and the finding the same. The third point deals with the refusal of the lightermen employers to meet the tug masters and mates (a branch of the Watermen's Union) on a suggested revision of wages. The employers refused a meeting on the ground that an agreement had already been arrived at. Under this agreement the rates varied with different firms. The union wished the rates to be applied generally. Technically the

employers were under no agreement to discuss this particular question with the union, nor was there any provision in the general agreement of last year to include the wages of tug masters and mates. In fact the Commissioner finds that the peremptory refusal of the employers to meet the union was one of the prime causes of the general dispute. There can be no doubt from the union point of view that refusal to recognise its intervention struck at the very root of its existence. The fourth point shortly put was that although an agreement had been come to between sailing-barge owners and port-workers, and a list of rates settled under the arbitration of Sir George Askwith, many owners refused to pay the rates agreed upon. Here the contention of the union was found to be correct, but it is clearly pointed out that a large number of owners were outside the agreement, and that those in it naturally spoke for themselves alone. The fifth point deals with Sir Albert Rollet's recent award on an increase of wages. The award is obscure and has been referred back to the arbitrator. The sixth point covers the same principle as the fourth, but deals with the Carmen's Union and their Employers' Association. An agreement was made between the employers and the carmen, but one of the employers eventually broke his promise, seceded from the Association, and refused to pay the agreed rate of wages. The other masters did their best with him, but to no good purpose. Here apparently the union desired to compel the Port Authority practically to exclude the seceding employer from the Docks, but obviously no statutory authority could make so drastic an order, even if inclined. The last point is one of general allegation of vexatious interference with union men and victimisation by their employers, and the Commissioner states quite frankly that general allegations are impossible to investigate; and that in any case no instances of the kind alleged even reached the stage of a demand for conference between the union and the employers as provided for by the general agreement. Sir Edward Clarke's conclusion is that under the first and second points machinery exists for settling disputes, and according to agreement made should be followed. So far as employers outside any agreement are concerned it is clearly found that these cannot be touched except by legislation.

From the public point of view it is clear that if the union deliberately refuses to keep its solemn engagements and seeks its end by force, by force it must be countered. At present the employers appear to be holding back from any conference at all. This course we think is ill-advised, and if they were to accept the arbitration of the Chief Industrial Commissioner on the first two points of the Report, as under their agreement with the union they should, their position would be strengthened. No Government could then refuse them the fullest protection the law can give and the people will demand.

AN OBJECT-LESSON IN HOME RULE.

CONSTITUTIONAL questions are likely under Irish Home Rule to be a new source of trouble. It is profitable to lawyers but no one else when the Law Courts are engaged, as they so often are in the United States, in construing Constitutional Acts as to the relative powers of Imperial and State Legislatures. They are extremely barren controversies; but they are unavoidable under all federal constitutions. We have, hitherto, with an unwritten Constitution, had no experience in our Courts of the kind of things that have to be decided as to the respective powers of competing Parliaments; and a recent Canadian quarrel between the Dominion and the Provincial Governments is well worth consideration. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council was the tribunal which ultimately on appeal solved the problem on which the Supreme Court of Canada had been divided, and the Judicial Committee under the Home Rule Bill has assigned to it the duty of deciding similar Constitutional questions. It would therefore have to decide on appeal any case in Ireland where a person resisted any demand made upon

him by a law of the Irish Legislature which according to him it had no power to pass under the Home Rule Act. This would apply to litigation between person and person, or a person and the Irish Government, in definite specific cases, and this sort of Constitutional question would be settled like an ordinary law suit.

But there is something more in the Home Rule Bill. Without any dispute arising between parties, the home Government, and the Lord-Lieutenant and the Irish Government, may differ as to their respective powers. This class of dispute also in federal constitutions is generally left to be settled until concrete cases actually arise under particular states of fact. But the Home Rule Bill provides that before anything of this sort occurs the Lord-Lieutenant or a Secretary of State may have the question referred to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. It was under a similar provision that the Canadian case of the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Manitoba and several others against the Dominion Government came before the Judicial Committee. They complained of it; and they sought to show that putting such general questions to the Supreme Court of Canada by the Governor-General destroyed the character of that Court as a Court of Justice. A Court, they maintained, can only interpret an Act when parties call on it to settle their individual rights. If it lays down a view of the law except under these conditions its members will not be able to divest themselves of their preconceived opinions. The Lord Chancellor put this argument thus in the Canadian case: injustice may ensue because, however unintentionally, the judges will be biased; moreover, the persons to be affected by the answers they give cannot be known beforehand; and they will be prejudiced without having an opportunity of stating their objections before the Court has virtually determined their rights.

This is a formidable indictment against such a method of settling constitutional questions under the Home Rule Bill. It does not lessen the objection that the Judicial Committee in fact decided in favour of the right of the Dominion Government to obtain general answers on the law from the Supreme Court. All the inconveniences and the probable injustice pointed out by the Lord Chancellor still remain to stimulate the dissatisfaction of the Canadian Provincial Governments. The Dominion Government, according to the decision, has the right of passing this kind of legislation affecting private rights as described by the Lord Chancellor. Its power is decided to be as unlimited in this respect as the power of the British Parliament to pass the Home Rule Bill. The wisdom of the policy of passing such an Act is a very different matter with which a Court of law has nothing to do. It must not be supposed that the Judicial Committee would pass any opinion on the merits of the questions submitted to them by the Lord-Lieutenant. For any such purpose the Judicial Committee would be no restraint; and whether harm was done or not would depend on the wisdom or unwisdom of the Government of Ireland, or of Great Britain, in the kind of questions they put to the Judicial Committee. And besides it is easy to imagine that when there are two Governments, each with the power of putting questions, the Irish method for the interpretation of Constitutional laws is more complicated than that of Canada, and hence more likely to work with troublesome friction.

After the expression of opinion by the Privy Council in the Canadian case as to the unwisdom and inexpediency of using any Court as an advisory body, it seems evident that both the Governor-General and the Lord-Lieutenant ought to hesitate to use the Supreme Court or the Judicial Committee under the provisions of their respective Constitutions. Thus we see at once from the Canadian case how one of the safeguards under the Irish Home Rule Bill will work, or rather how it will not work, but be a dead letter from the beginning. It appeared in the course of the Canadian case that the authors of the British North American Act of 1867 did not include in their Act the power of obtaining advisory opinions from any Court. They had a truer apprecia-

tion of the genius of the British Constitution than the authors of the Acts of 1875 and 1907 which did include this power. The authors of the Home Rule Bill have repeated the mistake of the latter Act; and it is one of the important elements in the decision of the Judicial Committee we are considering that it exposes the error. The Canadian decision is an indirect but very relevant criticism of the drafting of the Home Rule Bill. The principal analogy to English constitutional practice for the Canadian and the Irish instances is that of questions which may be put by the Government to the Judicial Committee. But, in the first place, the Judges there are Privy Councillors; and, in the second place, the sort of questions put have always been of a different character from those which have been asked under the Canadian Acts of 1875 and 1907, and which are contemplated under the Home Rule Bill. An example of the questions ordinarily put to the Judicial Committee given by the Lord Chancellor is: Must Judges and Justices of the Peace be re-sworn after a demise of the Crown? If that were the sort of question asked under the Canadian Acts there would have been no dispute; it would be innocuous under the Home Rule Act. But setting up a Court to answer Constitutional questions at large under the Home Rule Act would raise objections in Ireland as it has in Canada. The answers must affect the closest personal and pecuniary interests of individuals. Canadians contend that this procedure is of grave prejudice to the rights of the Provinces and of individual citizens, and that its indirect results must be fatal. What is true for Canada is true for Ireland; and it is to be remembered that the Judicial Committee adopted this view, though it held the Canadian Government might use the procedure if it chose, and the Supreme Court must act. You do it at your peril and the peril of the country, said the Judicial Committee; and if we cannot stop you we can point out the mischief and inconvenience of using the powers indiscriminately and injudiciously. We believe it is a clear inference from the judgment that the Privy Council holds there can be little advantage from making any Court an advisory tribunal on Constitutional questions, except in such classes of formal cases as it has been the English practice to put to the Judicial Committee. Their judgment condemns the Home Rule Bill, as well as its precedents, the Canadian Acts. The best thing to do with such powers is to make the least possible use of them. The patent fact of the Canadian case is that the Canadian Government has, in the opinion of the Judicial Committee, far exceeded a proper exercise of its powers, but it cannot control the Canadian Parliament and pronounce on its policy. If the Lord-Lieutenant or the English Secretary of State is wise he also will refrain as far as possible from putting to the Judicial Committee these Constitutional questions which the Home Rule Bill enables him to do. But then this takes away every credit that has been claimed for the Bill for providing so excellent a tribunal as the Judicial Committee for determining the respective provinces of the Imperial and the Irish Parliament. This means of speedily determining questions arising between one kind of Parliament and another, which is a belauded feature of the Home Rule Bill, could rarely with safety be put into operation at all. The Court to which such questions are to be referred is of opinion that it ought not to be asked to advise on them, even though there would not be the doubt about its competency that there was in the Canadian case. Yet, however inexpedient and mischievous referring these questions might be, the Court could not refuse to decide Constitutional difficulties in such a manner, nor prevent any indiscretion of the Government in proceeding by this method. The Court is as illusory as a safeguard as any other part of the machinery of the Bill.

MR. BALFOUR AND GERMAN POLICY.

MR. BALFOUR'S study of Anglo-German relations is short, clear, and to the point. The plain man after reading it must feel that it is just what he thinks only better put. Of course Mr. Balfour with his subtle

intellect could easily have produced some novel analysis of the causes of Anglo-German friction, but he has wisely preferred to write as a representative Englishman. Thanks to his article the English point of view is sure of proper attention in Germany; for Mr. Balfour writes with authority. Of comment, however, there has been little. The article was perhaps published at no fortunate time; German opinion is just now busy discussing the position in Alsace and the causes of the failure of the Socialist party to make its influence felt in the Reichstag in spite of its successes at the polls. Perhaps, too, the Germans said nothing because there was nothing to be said. The English point of view has been discussed so often that only publicity required to be given to a fresh statement of it. In one matter, however, Mr. Balfour's article is bound to exercise a beneficent influence. There is some tendency in Radical quarters to condemn armaments as bad in themselves and to argue that Germany must, as a civilised Power, apologise for building ships and creating new army corps. The argument then goes on to suggest that if only a proper opportunity were provided Germany would be happy to join in some scheme for the limitation of armaments. All reasoning of this sort is utterly fallacious, a mere display of insular prejudice. Because Englishmen, or at any rate some Englishmen, dislike armaments it does not in the least follow that Germans dislike them too. On the contrary, German strength traditionally and naturally manifests itself in military organisation precisely as English strength manifests itself in commercial expansion. Accordingly when our Radical theorists begin by assuming that the Germans want to limit armaments they are telling the Germans that if they wish to be on really good terms with Britain they must prove false to their past and their character.

Mr. Balfour's article, on the other hand, does justice to the German attitude. It says quite explicitly that it is no business of ours whether Germany arms or not. She has a perfect right to display her strength in her own way. Our concern is with her policy, and it is only when German policy shows itself antagonistic to British policy that the formidable German war-machine excites our attention. Policy backed by armaments then forces us to a policy of counter-armaments. We wish that Mr. Balfour had carried this part of his argument a little further and had insisted on the real dislike of the average Englishman for gigantic naval estimates. The German, when he looks at his army, finds in it the clearest proof that he has really shaken off the misty idealism of the past, and so is always wanting to make it bigger and stronger. He does not understand that the Englishman, for all his outspoken pride in his navy, does not regard it in the same light. It cannot be stated too strongly that we build our super-Dreadnoughts not because we want to but because the Germans make us. The command of the sea is vital to us as a nation because we import our food, and as an Empire because our Dominions are scattered. Therefore directly Germany makes herself strong enough to threaten our communications she forces us to build.

The weak point in Mr. Balfour's article was that he failed to show precisely why our naval estimates are made for us in Berlin. He insisted, truly enough, that we arm not against armaments but against policy backed by armaments; but his references to this policy were extremely vague. One sentence, that in which he spoke of a possible German ambition to rebuild the Holy Roman Empire, was positively misleading. No doubt a Germany which claimed to dominate Europe, and especially the harbours on the North Sea and the Channel, would be a menace to our security. But profoundly as the memory of the Holy Roman Empire has influenced German policy since 1870 it is not a claim to the hegemony of Europe which has brought about friction with England, however much the suggestion of such a claim may have led to the Franco-Russian Alliance. Our difficulty lies with German ambitions outside Europe. They are almost wholly undefined; they are backed by a powerful fleet;

our efforts in the middle of the 'eighties to give them scope in Africa are laughed aside. It is because we do not know what Germany wants in regions where we have special interests that her policy is viewed with so much suspicion.

How is that suspicion to be dispelled? Obviously by an understanding as to policy. Such an understanding can only be brought about by the two Foreign Offices assisted by their respective Ambassadors. Mr. Balfour, who has himself conducted an administration, sees this clearly enough, and his article is unspoiled by any amateur diplomacy of his own. But the point is altogether missed by many persons in both countries, and especially in England. They want to do something, they have no positive scheme to put forward, and so they say "Let us be friends. Think of Shakespeare and Goethe". Talk of this kind is grossly unfair to those responsible for national policy. It suggests that because Britain and Germany were not friends last summer the fault must lie with Sir Edward Grey and Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter and their colleagues. If it were true that all the present misunderstandings were due to individuals the situation would be a good deal easier to handle. But Foreign Secretaries do not make facts; they find them. Once more the danger of conflict between Britain and Germany results from the opposition between British and German policy, and policies are not evolved out of nothing by individuals, however eminent. Even Bismarck only succeeded because he had all that was best in Germany behind him.

In view of these very real causes of difficulty, mere protestations of goodwill are doubly harmful, and the louder they are the more harm they do. In the first place they obscure the real issue. In the second place, by obscuring it, they create doubts. Who can blame the Germans when they say bluntly that they could do with fewer friendly words and more friendly conduct? Fine talk at best leads nowhere, and at worst makes mischief. Look, for instance, at what has been happening this week. It does not matter to us whether the Potsdam Council spends £45 in entertaining British doctors, but Sir Vezey Strong's indiscreet zeal has elevated a trifle into an international incident. No doubt goodwill societies have their use. They have shown the statesmen of both countries that there exists in each a body of opinion which deplores the present trend of affairs and would support any official effort to put matters on a better footing. But there their usefulness ends, and the work of the Foreign Secretaries and Ambassadors begins. Those who wish Baron Marschall success in his Embassy had best be silent. After all it is his work and not theirs, and to encumber it with vague talk of goodwill is to play the part of the clown in the circus who fusses about the attendants while they are rolling up the carpet, hindering everybody and doing nothing.

JAPAN AND THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

THE position of Japan in the Pacific is stronger to-day than it has been at any previous time. The Japanese have not entirely themselves to thank. By steadily increasing their naval and military forces they have done their share, but they have been considerably helped by the attitude—scarcely intelligible to the Japanese—of the American Senate.

A year ago the position built upon the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was seriously threatened by the proposed arbitration treaty between Great Britain and the United States. Even before the treaty was ratified the Alliance, which had still four years to run, was renewed in a modified form to meet a situation which had not yet arisen. This haste to modify a pre-existing arrangement of great importance in favour of a proposal which had not even reached its final stage created a very bad impression, not untouched with resentment, in Japan. Moreover, the new arrangement was distinctly unfavourable to Japan, because her principal rival in the Pacific was thereby expressly excluded from the

scope of its operation. As the veteran Count Okuma tersely put it, "Japan must help England; but England, in a certain eventuality, need not help Japan". However, the only care of Mr. Asquith's Government was to gratify Mr. Taft. The Japanese were to be put off with a modified Alliance for a further term of ten years.

Such was the situation when, a few weeks ago, the American Senate took the matter up. The result was all that Japan could desire. The Arbitration Treaty, for the sake of which the Alliance was to be emasculated, was itself emasculated by its Senatorial critics, who may with some justice be accused of throwing away with one hand what they had gained with the other. Indeed, on the whole business the Japanese have scored heavily. Not only has the attack on the Alliance failed, but they have secured its extension for an additional six years beyond the original date, and on the original basis.

Recent events in China have disappointed the Japanese, who would have preferred no revolution at all. A few more years of peaceful penetration and State-aided commercial enterprise might have sufficed to establish Japanese ascendancy in the Middle Kingdom, as well as, incidentally, to replenish the coffers of the Tokyo Exchequer. But the revolution has compelled China to play a financial game in which half a dozen Powers had a hand. In this game Japan, for obvious reasons, stands at a disadvantage, proximity to the scene availing nothing. The Japanese, however, does not know when he is beaten; and will not be confined. Does China fail as an outlet? Then let emigration flow towards the West. This, in the opinion of many close observers, is the real meaning of the affair of Magdalena Bay.

Another factor in the situation is the condition of affairs in Mexico itself. Armed intervention of the United States, followed by an American "protectorate" as a prelude to absorption, is possible at any moment. General Madero knows this well enough, and is ready to give the Japanese foothold on the Mexican coast. From the Japanese point of view the moment is opportune. No time is to be lost. Hence the application of a Japanese company, presided over by a member of the Diet, for "a fishing station" at the well-known bay in the Gulf of California, and for "fishing rights" along some 800 miles of the Mexican coast. At this point the Washington Senate thought desirable to intervene; and, at a hint from the paternal Government of Uchi-sai-wai-cho, the Kongo Marine Products Company retreated.

Nevertheless the enterprise of this Japanese fishing company promises to have far-reaching consequences. The Washington Senate, thoroughly alarmed, seems determined to make the abortive fishery project a pretext for an extension of the Monroe Doctrine which, if persisted in, can scarcely fail to bring up, in the gravest form, the whole question of the domination by the United States of the entire American continent south of the Rio Grande. From the tone of the recent debate it is clear that the war-talk of the Hobsons and the "scares" which from time to time rule the Pacific Slope have done their work, and that a large section of the American public is obsessed by the possibility of a Japanese attack. With such influences acting upon a people subject to sudden gusts of opinion and feeling the extraordinary propositions advanced by Senators Lodge and Bacon may become a settled policy of the American Republic. The "new doctrine" appears to be that the prohibition originally proclaimed by President Monroe should henceforth include "colonisation"—whether under Government or promoted by a private company—and, secondly, the acquisition of private property by any citizen of a foreign Government. If this revised and enlarged version of the Monroe Doctrine be put into practice, it must one day be challenged, either from the West or from the East.

The exclusion policy of the United States as to Orientals excites the deepest resentment in Japan because of its imputation of inferiority—a feeling shared by the Chinese. Commercial expansion is to Japan very much what naval supremacy is to England. It

embodies the sole prospect of her maintaining her position as a first-class Power. If, in the Chinese loan-policy of Western Powers, she is outplayed or fails for want of cards, she will turn to the South American continent. If, again, she finds herself "warned off"—whether through race-prejudice or by reason of the exclusive tendencies of Pan-Americanism—self-preservation will either demand that the Monroe Doctrine be withdrawn or will appeal to force against it. Five thousand Japanese labourers, every one with a Government permit in his pocket, land in Central and South America every year; so the challenge may come sooner than later.

THE CITY.

THE Stock Exchange has spent the week wondering what the settlement would bring forth, hoping that no serious trouble would develop and fearing that it would be impossible to scrape through without one or two minor casualties. After the recent heavy liquidation in Marconis, Southern Rails, Underground Rails and Oils, the amount of stock to be carried over was naturally very much reduced. At the same time the supply of money for Stock Exchange loans was considerably curtailed. Contango rates were not much higher, but in many cases speculators found carry-over facilities suspended; consequently they had not only to meet differences but to choose between taking up their stock and cutting their losses. In the circumstances the markets have found very little support, professional speculators who closed their commitments before the holidays having small incentive to reopen their books. The carry-over, however, did not bring so much liquidation as was expected, and as soon as it had been arranged prices were marked up all round. A very little bidding sufficed to improve the tone of the markets, and the improvement prompted confidence in a moderately satisfactory issue out of the markets' recent troubles.

It is impossible to gauge the precise effect of the labour situation on quotations, but it was thought that the heavy decline in Home Rails during the last fortnight, caused by compulsory realisations, had discounted the immediate disturbance of trade. The holiday traffic returns were satisfactory, but the recovery in the middle of the week was attributable more to the cessation of liquidation than to expectation of an early effective settlement of the labour dispute. Some small investment buying has been reported, but the dividend outlook in Home Rails is too obscure to permit any large volume of demand. Meanwhile new capital issues by foreign and Colonial municipalities and companies are being favourably received, provided that a good rate of interest is offered.

In the Colonial Railway market the demand for Canadian Pacifics has been stimulated by excellent traffic figures, and the stock has been carried up to a new high record. The working statement for April showed a gross increase of \$2,629,000 and an expansion of \$959,000 in net earnings. This brings the net receipts for the ten months to the end of April to a total of \$35,771,000, or an increase of over \$5,000,000, as compared with the corresponding period of the previous year. The May figures will reflect further progress. Grand Trunk securities have been a better market, although the latest traffic returns were scarcely as good as anticipated. The April statement, giving an increase of £19,000 in net earnings out of a gain of nearly £80,000 in the gross receipts, however, was quite satisfactory, and the promotion of Mr. E. J. Chamberlin to succeed the late Mr. Hays as president of the system is generally applauded.

Business in Wall Street, which remains entirely professional, was broken by Decoration Day in the middle of the week. On the eve of the holiday the bears were allowed to run prices down rather sharply, but the interest in the market on this side is so slight that the fluctuations have little significance, and no revival of activity is expected while presidential electioneering compels so much attention in the United States.

One department of the "House" which has been conspicuously firm during the recent general weakness is the Rubber market. This is conclusive evidence that Rubber shares are on an investment basis. The speculative account in them is negligible, and a small demand would disclose a scarcity of floating supply of shares. In the Mining markets Kaffirs have displayed distinct firmness, and it is remarked that if holders at high prices were to average their holdings now, an appreciable recovery would be seen. Oil shares were depressed by the restriction of carry-over facilities, and the steam is out of the market for the present, business being on a comparatively small scale.

In the Miscellaneous markets, Marconis are still the centre of interest because they have been the seat of trouble. The annual report of the parent company will be published shortly, and various guesses are being made as to the amount of the dividends to be declared. There will be two dividends—one a final distribution for 1911 and the other an interim payment on account of the current year—but no revival of speculation in this section is anticipated. As regards the P. and O. Company, although Sir Thomas Sutherland has been obliged to deny another rumour of offers to buy out the company, the rumour-mongers still persist that a deal is being arranged of which the directors of the company evidently have no knowledge.

SATURDAY PORTRAITS.

By SIGNIFEX.

II.—THE RIGHT HON. SIR HORACE PLUNKETT.

THE external facts about Sir Horace Plunkett are soon told. The son of the sixteenth Lord Dun-sany, he was born fifty-five years ago in County Meath; in the heart of fox-hunting Ireland; and after Eton and Oxford he betook himself to the plains of Western America and spent ten years cattle-ranching there. At the age of thirty-five years his real life work had not begun; only the qualifications and foundations for it had been laid. But on his return to Ireland he began to work for the promotion of agricultural co-operation, and he moved on fast from that point. In 1892 he entered Parliament; in 1894 he founded the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, and a year later that famous Recess Committee met, whose deliberations were to have such far-reaching effects. In 1899 he secured the establishment of the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction in Ireland; and during the seven busy years which saw him at its head he laid firm and solid the foundations of a work which is destined to leave an enduring mark in the economic history of the world.

These are very bare facts; they tell us little or nothing of the man himself. It is in accordance with Sir Horace Plunkett's character, moreover, that he should express himself chiefly through his work. Some men achieve great things in the realisation of a personal ambition; they do great things because they themselves wish to be great. If Sir Horace Plunkett ever had any ambition for himself it would be merely in order that he might the more powerfully further his work. It is literally everything to him; although he was born a man most capable of living a full life, most capable of enjoying all the pleasant things that life offers to those whose lines fall in pleasant places, most capable of appreciating the siren songs that are heard at some time by all of us, he has gradually cut himself off from all mere pleasures, from all mere interests, from all mere passions, to devote himself to the one absorbing interest and passion of his work. A serious man; to some extent a strange man; necessarily in many respects an isolated man; for most of us do not understand the man who never lets go, never relaxes, never plays, but spends every hour, every day, every year in unceasing preoccupation with one great aim and object.

And what is this aim which has absorbed the whole life and activity of one who was once a mere fox-hunting

Irish gentleman, and later a cowboy on the prairies of America? It arose undoubtedly from the great love of his own country and people which is common to men of his nationality, and it was fostered by that high sense of public service which was the greatest inheritance of our upper classes—an inheritance which is being lost and dissipated. Horace Plunkett saw the miserable waste of life in Ireland; he saw people involved in endless wrangles and efforts to secure legislative cures for economic ills; he saw the futility of the Irish party in all its brilliant helplessness; he saw the fate awaiting a people whose point of view was always retrospective, and who lived in reproachful meditation on their past. "Anglo-Irish history," he wrote, "is for Englishmen to remember and for Irishmen to forget"; and he set to work to substitute for their unsatisfactory and mournful past a possible present and hopeful future. In his parliamentary career he had come much under the influence of Lecky, from whom, indeed, he imbibed those broad principles of statesmanship on which his work has been founded. But the ideal was his own, and from this ideal his work grew, as all work must grow when a man throws himself heart and soul into it, beyond its original scope. Out of mere wish to make things better, he gradually and toilsomely evolved a science and method of making them better; struck at the roots of things where they lay in the soil; and, taking a man working on the land as the unit of life, set to work to help that man to learn his business of living on the land—helping him, in short, to help himself. And from the organisation of self-help which was his first great ideal he went on to the establishment of those principles of co-operation which are but the principles of self-help extended from the individual man to the community. He was himself always a centre of strenuous life and activity; and from that centre his influence has extended in ever-widening circles, beyond the Department and Association which he founded, beyond Ireland for which it was originally intended, beyond England even and our own Empire, until its outer waves are already breaking in remote parts of the American continent.

In one sense Sir Horace Plunkett's work is already done; he has established and set going the stream of ideas and activities which he wished to establish, and nothing now can arrest or destroy it. Its effect upon the actual life of the Irish people has been determinative in changing the terrible ebb of Irish economic vitality into a slight though measurable flood. But since it is work not directly associated or depending upon any of the great party interests in politics, it is necessarily not so conspicuous in the public view as work is which advertises the existence of a party. But the work is there, and will remain.

Picturing the man who has so strenuously pursued and fostered these economic ideas, one might figure an arid and rather inhuman theorist, a calculating machine with an appetite and cognisance of nothing except statistics. The picture would be hopelessly wrong. Horace Plunkett is one of the most human of men; and if on his face are written the records of an untiring concentration of thought, of the struggles and disappointments and mental conflicts through which his work has been accomplished, on it are written also the records of lessons learnt in the campaign, of human problems grappled with and understood, of human sympathies sensitised and awakened. The sense of humour that has never failed him, that has saved him again and again from the fate of so many workers and reformers in similar fields, gleams unfailingly from his eye and lightens up a countenance which would otherwise bear too sad an impress of the battle that has been and is being fought. For now, at the moment when his work is ripening and spreading in every direction, a new enemy has appeared to take him in the flank; and with all the hydra-headed monsters of stupidity and ignorance, against which every man has to fight who would accomplish anything, the demon of ill-health has now allied himself. Sir Horace now lives upon his capital of health; uses it up for nine months of the year, and in the remaining three rushes away to America,

there, on the pretext of looking after his property, to patch himself up and scrape together enough physical strength to carry him through another spell of furious work. Every man has his vice, and work has become Horace Plunkett's. He indulges himself in it as men indulge in secret sins. He takes pledges against it, and makes promises that he will abstain and do better; he does so for a few days; and then in one great bout of activity breaks pledges and promises, upsets his health again, and stands, shaking but defiant before his unhappy friends, like a drunkard after a debauch. His intimates try this and that with him; invent little games for him to play, pretending that they are work, attempting to administer temperance syrups of recreation disguised with the colour and flavour of the strong drink of work which he so greatly desires. But you might as well tell the drunkard that lemonade is the same as brandy. Sir Horace takes a sip or two and tries to look as if he were enjoying it; disappears on some trivial pretext; and is found three hours afterwards in his study, dead drunk on blue-books and statistics. It is of no use; and my own opinion is that the well-meant lemonade methods would kill him. Work is his life; and though it may be his death too, it is better to die of a thing one loves and believes in than merely to hold on to a spoon-fed existence which has been deprived of its only meaning. Life means work to him, and idleness and pleasure are a kind of death; and, in a word, he probably feels it is better, if it should be necessary, to die of what one lives for than to live for what one would die of.

There are two ways of getting any work accomplished: one is to do all yourself, and the other is to lay a foundation on which others can build, and provide an inspiration which will set them building. The fruits of the first method are limited; the fruits of the second, which is Horace Plunkett's method, are infinite. He seems often, to those who look closely on at him, to devote himself so entirely to laying foundations as to have forgotten what foundations are for, and that foundations without a superstructure are useless. But it is not really so; he knows that the building will rise fast enough once the foundations are laid; but he knows also that if they are not well laid the best edifice in the world will perish and collapse. In his house which he built near Dublin some years ago—a house which so strangely represents himself, with its wings spread wide over the land and its face turned towards the sun, a house full of theories and experiments in building, and largely and generously equipped for a purpose not yet, and perhaps never to be, fully realised—you meet every kind of man and many kinds of women. There is no attempt to blend them, and an uncouth professor from Chicago will be sandwiched between a poet and a lord-lieutenant in an arduous and somewhat strained attempt to discover a common social denominator. But it does not matter, because the smiling, genial, discerning man at the head of the table, who listens to everybody and says so little himself, is the sole reason for their presence there; and if they did not, however remotely, contribute to the furtherance of the work they would not be there at all. It is no idle house; a little strenuous golf is its chief relaxation, and anyone who is a teetotaler with regard to work has rather a poor time of it at Kilteragh. For such is Sir Horace Plunkett's capacity for indulgence in his vice that he will exhaust the power of any one person in a few hours; and relays of people are shown into the great sunny study to keep up the orgy, those who are shown out being generally found afterwards in a state of smiling collapse on the verandah.

And often, seeing the elaborate methods, the passion for complex organisation, and what seems the almost inexcusable readiness to turn back and set off on a long journey to the very roots and beginning of things in order to verify some point or make sure of some procedure, one is inclined to wonder if indeed all this agonising and manifold activity is really accomplishing its end. The struggle is so obvious, the labour and the wounds are so apparent, the enemy is so vigilant and unflinching that one is sometimes tempted to say, in the

words of Clough, that it is all unavailing, and that "as things have been they remain". But one has only to look back on Sir Horace Plunkett's work to see the cowardice and untruth of that attitude; and to remember that

"while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main."

Horace Plunkett loves to help people to help themselves, and to help each other, in what makes life better and nobler; he has made that his work. And if you were to reduce his life, his effort, his conduct to a philosophical system, you would find it not far out of harmony with that embodied in the Sermon on the Mount.

EL RODEO.

By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

THE vast, brown, open space, sometimes a quarter of a mile across, called El Rodeo, which bears the same relation to the ocean of tall grass that a shoal bears to the surface of the sea, was the centre of the life of the great cattle estancias of the plains. To it on almost every morning of the year the cattle were collected and taught to stand there till the dew was off the grass. To "parar rodeo" was the phrase the Gauchos used, equivalent to the cowboys' "round-up" of the northern plains.

An hour before the dawn, when the moon was down, but the sun not up, just at the time when the first streaks of red begin to fleck the sky, the Gauchos had got up from their recaos. In those days it was a point of honour to sleep on the recao, the "carona" spread out on the ground, the "jergas" on it, the "cojinillo" underneath the hips for softness, the head pillowed upon "los bastos", and under them your pistol, knife, your tirador and boots, yourself wrapped in your poncho and with your head tied up in a handkerchief. The Gauchos had looked out in the frost or dew, according to the season of the year, to see the horse they had tied up overnight had not got twisted in his stake-rope, and then returned to sit before the fire to take a "matecito cimarron" and smoke. Every now and then a man had left the fire, and, lifting the dried mare's hide that served for door, had come back silently, and, sitting down again, taken a bit of burning wood, lading it from the fire, upon his knife's edge, and lit his cigarette. At last, when the coming dawn had lit the sky like an Aurora Borealis lights a northern winter's night, they had risen silently, and, shouldering their saddles, had gone out silently to saddle up.

Outside the horses stood and shivered on their ropes, their backs arched up like cats about to fight. Frequently when their intending rider had drawn the pin to which they were attached, and after coiling up the rope approached them warily, they sat back snorting like a steam-engine when it breasts a hill. If it was possible, the Gaucho saddled his horse after first hobbling his front feet, although he was sure to throw the saddle-cloths and the carona several times upon the ground. When they were put firmly upon his back, the rider, stretching cautiously his naked foot under the horse's belly, caught up the cinch between his toes. Passing the latigo between the strong iron rings both of the encimera and the cinch, he put his foot against the horse's side and pulled till it was like an hour-glass, which operation not infrequently set the horse bucking, hobbled as he was.

If on the other hand the horse was but half-tamed, a "redomon" as the phrase was, his owner led him up to the "palenque" tied him up firmly to it, and after hobbling and perhaps blindfolding him, saddled him, after a fierce struggle and an accompaniment of snorts. When all was ready and the first light was just about to break, showing the pampa silvery with mist and dew, and in the winter morning often presenting curious mirages of woods hung in the sky, the trees suspended

upside down, the "capataz" would give the signal to set off. Going up gently to their horses, the Gauchos carefully untied them, taking good care no coil of the maneador should get caught in their feet, and then after tightening the broad hide girth, often eight or nine inches broad, led them a little forward to let them get their backs down, or buck if they so felt inclined. Then they all mounted, some of the horses whirling round at a gallop, their riders holding their heads towards them by the "bozal" in the left hand, and with the reins and pommel of the saddle in the right. They mounted in a way peculiar to themselves, bending the knee and passing it over the middle of the saddle, but never dwelling on the stirrup, after the European way, so that the action seemed one motion, and they were on their horses as easily as a drop of water runs down a window pane, and quite as noiselessly.

Calling the dogs, generally a troop of mongrels of all sorts, with perhaps a thin black greyhound or two amongst the pack, the Gauchos used to ride off silently, their horses leaving a trail of footsteps in the dew. Some bucked and plunged, their riders shouting as their long hair and ponchos flapped up and down at every bound the horses made. They left the estancia always at the "rotecito", the horses putting up their backs, arching their necks and playing with the bit, whose inside rollers, known as "coscojo", jingled on their teeth.

Then after a hundred yards or so one would look at the others and say "Vamos", the rest would answer "Vamonos" and set off galloping, until the capataz would order them to separate, telling them such and such a "point" of cattle should be about the hill which is above the river of the sarandis, there is a bald-faced cow in it, curly all over; you cannot miss her if you try. Other "points" would have a bullock with a broken horn in them, or some other animal, impossible to miss, . . . to eyes trained to the plains.

In a moment all the horsemen disappeared into the "camp" just as the first rays of the sun came out to melt the dew upon the grass. This was called "campeando", and the owner or the capataz usually made his aim, some "point" of cattle which was the tamest and fed closest to the house, and probably contained all the tame oxen and a milk cow or two. When he had found them he drove them slowly to the "rodeo", which they approached all bellowing, the younger animals striking into a run before they reached it, and all of them halting when they felt their feet on the bare ground. Once there, the capataz, lighting a cigarette, walked his horse slowly to and fro, occasionally turning back any animal that tried to separate and go back to the grass.

Most likely he would wait an hour, or perhaps two, during which time the sun ascending gathered strength and brought out a keen, acrid smell from the hard trodden earth of the rodeo, on which for years thousands of cattle had been driven up each day. The "point" of cattle already there would soon begin to hang their heads and stand quite motionless, the capataz' horse, either become impatient or go off into a contemplative state, resting alternately on each hind leg.

Such of the dogs who had remained with him would stretch themselves at full length on the grass. At last faint shouts and sounds of galloping, and baying dogs would be heard in the distance, gradually drawing near.

Then a dull thundering of countless feet, and by degrees, from north, south, east and west, would come great "points" of cattle, galloping. Behind, waving their ponchos, brandishing their short rebenques round their heads, raced the "vaqueros", followed by the dogs. As each "point" reached the rodeo, the galloping men would check their foaming horses so that the cattle might arrive at a slow pace and not cause a stampede amongst the animals that were already on the spot.

At last all the "points" had arrived. Three, four, five or ten thousand cattle were assembled, and the men who had brought them from the thick cane-brakes and from the "montes" of the deltas of the streams,

after having loosed their girths and lit a cigarette, proceeded slowly to ride round the herd to keep them on the spot. The dogs lay panting with their tongues lolling out of their mouths, the sun began to bite a little, and now and then a wild bullock or light-footed young cow, or even a small "point" of cattle, would break away, to try to get back to its *querencia*, or merely out of fright.

Then with a shout a horseman, starting with a bound, his horse all fire, his own long hair streaming out in the wind, would dart out after them, to try to head them back. "*Vuelta ternero*", "*Vuelta vaquilla*" they would cry, riding a little wide of the escaping beast. After a hundred yards or so, for the first rush of the wild native cattle was swift as lightning, the rider would close in. Riding in front of the escaping truant, he would try to turn it back, pressing his horse against its side.

If it turned, as was generally the case, towards the herd, after three or four hundred yards of chase, the Gaúcho checked his horse and let the animal return at a slow gallop by itself, till it had joined the rest.

If it was a fierce bullock, or a fleet-footed young cow, and even after he had bored it to one side, it would start out again, or stop and charge, he rode beside it beating it with the handle of his "*arreador*". When all these means had failed, as a last resource he sometimes ran his horse's chest against its flank, and gave it thus a heavy fall. This was called giving a "*pechada*", and if repeated a few times usually cowed the wildest of the herd, though now and then an escaping animal had to be lassoed and dragged back, and then if it broke out the Gauchos used to rope it, and after throwing it, dissect a bit of skin between the eyes, so that it fell and blinded the poor beast and stopped him running off. These were the humours of the scene, till after half an hour or so of gently riding round and round, the rodeo, from having been at first a bellowing, kaleidoscopic mass of horns and hoofs, of flashing eyes and tails lashing about, like snakes, a mere confusion of every colour, black, white and brown, dun, cream and red, in an inextricable maze, became distinguishable, and you perceived the various "*points*", each recognisable by some outstanding beast, either in colour or in shape. The capataz and all the Gauchos knew them, just as a sailor knows all kinds of ships, and in an instant, with a quick look, could tell if such and such a beast was fat, or only in the state known to the adept as "*carne blanca*", or if the general condition of the herd was good, and this with a rodeo of five thousand animals.

Their searching eyes detected at a glance if a beast had received a wound of any kind, if maggots had got into the sore, and sometimes on the spot the cow or bullock thus affected would be lassoed, cast, its wound washed out with salt and water, and then allowed to rise. Needless to say, this operation did not improve its temper, and as occasionally, in order to save trouble, the Gauchos did not rope it by the neck and put another rope on the hind legs, both horses straining on the ropes to keep them taut, but merely roped and cast and then put a fore leg above the horn, and let a man hold down the beast by pulling on its tail passed under the hind leg, the man who stood, holding the cow's horn full of the "*remedy*", was left in a tight place.

If he had not an easy horse to mount, the infuriated beast sometimes pursued him with such quickness that he had to dive beneath his horse and mount from the off side. If by an evil chance his horse broke away from him to avoid the charge, two Gauchos rushing like the wind, their iron-handled whips raised in the air like flails, ready to fall upon the bullock's back, closed in upon the beast and fenced him in between their horses, at full speed, and as they passed, thundering upon the plain, men, horses and the flying animal all touching one another and straining every nerve, the man in peril, seizing the instant that they passed, sprang lightly up behind the near-side rider, just as a head of *thistledown* stops for a moment on the edge of a tall bank, tops it, and disappears.

When the rodeo had stood an hour or so, if nothing

else was in the wind, the "*vaqueros*" galloped home slowly, smoking and talking of the price of cattle in the "*saladeros*", the races to be held next Sunday at some *pulperia* or other, "*La Flor de Mayo*", "*La Rosa del Sur*", or "*La Esquina de los pobres Diablos*", and the rodeo, when it felt itself alone, slowly disintegrated just as a crowd breaks up after a meeting in Hyde Park, and all the various "*points*" sought out their grazing grounds.

On days when they required fresh meat at the estancia, when it was necessary in Gaúcho phrase to "*carnear*", then the capataz and two peones, coiling their lazos as they went, rode into the rodeo, the cattle parting into lanes before them, and after much deliberation and pointing here and there, with sage remarks on the condition of the herd, he would point his finger at a beast. Then, cautiously, the two "*vaqueros*", with the loop of their lazo trailing on the ground, taking good care to hold it in their right hands, high and wide, so that their horses did not tread in it, would close upon the beast. Watching him carefully, the horses turning almost before the men gave them the signal with the hand or heel, the cattle edging away from them, they would conduct the animal towards the edge of the rodeo with his head to the "*camp*".

When he was clear, with a shrill cry they spurred their horses and the doomed beast began to gallop, unless perchance he doubled back towards the herd, in which contingency the operation had to be gone through again. Once galloping, the efforts of the riders were directed to keep him on the move, which in proportion to his wildness was harder or more easy to achieve, for a wild cow or bullock generally "*parts*" more easily than a tame animal. Perhaps the distance was a mile, and this they traversed at full gallop, hair, poncho, mane and tail all flying in the wind, with a thin cloud of dust marking their passage as they went. When they got near the house one rider looked up at the other and said "*Now is the time to throw*". In an instant, round his head revolved the thin hide plaited rope, the ring, and the last six feet (in double plait) shining and glistening in the sun. The wrist turned like a well-oiled machine, the horse sprang forward with a bound, and the rope, winding like a snake, whistled and hurtled through the air.

It fixed as if by magic round the horns, the rider generally keeping in his hand some coils of slack for any casualty that might occur. The instant that it settled round the horns the rider spurred his horse away to the left side, for it was death to get entangled in the rope. In fact in every cattle district maimed hands and feet showed plainly how dangerous was the game. The check, called the "*tiron*", came when the animal had galloped twenty yards or so. It brought him to a stop, his hind legs sliding to one side. The horse leaned over, straining on the rope, the victim bellowed and rolled its eyes, lashing its tail against its flanks and pawing up the turf.

If the position of the animal was near enough, so as to save the carriage of the meat, the last act straight began. If not, after avoiding dexterously a charge or two, keeping the rope taut, and free from his horse's legs or even sides or croup, unless he was a well-trained cattle horse, the other peon riding up behind, twisting his lazo round his head, urging his horse against the lassoed animal, rode up and drove him nearer in. Once within handy distance from the house, the man who had been driving threw his rope and caught the bullock by the heels. Sometimes they threw him down and butchered him; at other times the man who had him by the horns, keeping his lazo taut, he and his horse throwing their weight upon the rope, called to his fellow to dismount and "*carnear*".

If he was an expert, throwing his reins upon the ground, he slipped off quickly, and crouching like a jaguar about to spring, ran cautiously to the off-side of the enlashed beast, drawing his long "*facán*". Avoiding any desperate horn thrust, like a cat avoids a stone, and taking care not to get mixed up with the rope, he plunged his knife deep down into the throat. The gushing stream of blood sprang, like the water from

a fire-plug, and the doomed creature sank upon its knees, then rocked a little to and fro, and with a bellow of distress, fell and expired.

If, on the other hand, the animal was fierce, or the man did not care to run the risk, he advanced, and, drawing his "facón" across its hocks, hamstrung it, and brought it to the ground, and then came up and killed it, when it was rendered helpless. On such occasions it was terrible, and quite enough to set a man against all beef for ever, had there been any other food upon the plains, to see the bullock jumping upon its mutilated legs and hear it bellow in its agony.

Last scene of all, the horses either unsaddled or attached to the palenque, or else to a stout post of the corral, the slayers, taking off their ponchos or their coats, skinned and cut up the beast. So rapidly was this achieved that sometimes hardly an hour had elapsed from the "death bellow", to the time when the raw joints of meat were hung in the "galpón". The hide was stretched out in the sun, and the "chuman-gos" and the dogs feasted upon the entrails, whilst the wild riders, dusty and bloodstained, took a maté in the shade.

There was another and a wilder aspect of the rodeo, which, like a pampero, burst on the beholders so suddenly that when it passed and all had settled down again, they gazed, half-stunned, out on the tranquil plain. It might be that a tropero was parting cattle for a saladero, his men cutting out cattle, riding them towards a "point" of working bullocks, held back by men about a quarter of a mile from the main body of the herd. All might be going well, the rodeo kept back by men riding round slowly. The parties might be working quietly, without much shouting; the day serene, the sun unclouded, when suddenly an uneasy movement would run through the cattle, making them sway and move about, after the fashion of the water in a whirlpool, without apparent cause.

If the tropero and the overseer or the owner of the place himself were men who knew the "camp," and few of them were ignorant of all its lore, they did not lose a moment, but calling as gently as possible to the peones, they made them ride as close to one another as they could, in a great circle round about the beasts. It might be that their efforts would pacify the animals, but in all cases the "cutting out" was over for the day.

A little thing, a hat blown off, a poncho waving, a horse suddenly starting or falling in a hole, would render all their efforts useless and as vain as those of him who seeks to keep a flight of locusts from lighting on a field. In an instant the cattle would go mad, their eyes flash fire, their tails and heads go up, and with a surge, the whole rodeo, perhaps five or six thousand beasts, would, with a universal bellow, and a noise as of a mighty river in full flood, break into a stampede. Nothing could stay their passage, over hills, down steep "quebradas", and through streams they dashed, just as a prairie fire flies through the grass. Then was the time to see the Gaucho at his best. His hat blown back, held by a broad black ribbon underneath his chin, and as he flew along, slipping his poncho off, the "capataz" galloped to head the torrent of mad beasts.

The peones, spreading out like the sticks of a fan, urged on their horses with their great iron spurs, and with resounding blows of their "rebenques" as they strove hard to close and get in front. Those who were caught amongst the raging mass held their lives only by their horses' feet, pushed here and there against the animals, but still unmoved, upright and watchful in their saddles, and quick to seize the slightest opportunity of making their way out. If by mischance their horses fell, their fate was sealed; and the tornado past, their bodies lay upon the plain, like those of sailors washed ashore after a shipwreck, distorted, horrible.

The men who at the first had spread out on the sides, now closing in, had got in front, and galloped at the head of the mad torrent, waving their ponchos and brandishing their whips. They, too, were in great

peril of their lives, if the herd crossed a "viscachera" or a cangrejál. That was the time for prodigies of horsemanship. If I but close my eyes, I see, at a stampede on an estancia called "El Calá", a semi-Indian rushing down a slope to head the cattle off. His horse was a dark dun, with eyes of fire, a black stripe down the middle of his back, and curious black markings on the hocks. His tail floated out in the wind, and helped him in his turnings, just as a steering oar deflects a whaleboat's prow. The brand was a small "s" inside a shield. I saw it as they passed. Down the steep slope they thundered, the Indian's hair rising and falling at each spring that the black dun made in his course. His great iron spurs hung off his heels, and all his silver gear, the reins, the "pasadores" of the stirrups, the "chapeao" and "fiador", and the great spurs themselves, jingled and clinked as he tore on to head the living maelstrom of the stampeding beasts. Suddenly his horse, although sure-footed, keen, and practised at the work, stepped in a hole and turned a somersault.

He fell, just as a stone falls and slips from the nippers of a crane, and his wild rider, opening his legs, fell on his feet so truly, that his great iron spurs clanked on the ground like fetters, as he stood holding the halter in his hand. As his horse bounded to his feet, his rider, throwing down his head and tucking his left elbow well into his side, sprang at a bound upon his back and galloped on, so rapidly that it appeared I had been dreaming, and only have woke up, thirty years after, to make certain of my dream. Sometimes the efforts of the peones were successful, and the first panic stayed, the cattle let themselves be broken into "points", and by degrees and with great management were driven back to the rodeo and kept there for an hour or two till they had quieted down. If, on the other hand, they kept on running, they ran for leagues, till they encountered a great river or a lake, and plunging into it, many were drowned, and in all cases many were sure to stray and mix with other herds, or, wandering away, never returned again.

The whole impression of the scene was unforgettable, and through the dust, both of the prairie and the thicker dust of years, I can still see the surging of the living lava stream and hear their thunder on the plain.

THE UNPUBLIC HOUSE.

By FILSON YOUNG.

IF someone with a mental endowment corresponding to our own were to descend from some other planet and look upon our English life with clear open eyes, unclouded by prejudice and undulled by custom, he would regard with amazement many things which we take for granted; and, perhaps, among our established institutions he would regard the public-house as the most entirely ugly and hateful thing in England. Not the wayside hostelry, or the rural inn serving some useful purpose in the high street of a country town, but the corner public-house that is so conspicuous a feature of every town in England.

There it is, a thing always out of harmony with its surroundings, prospering amid poverty, well maintained where the houses in which people have to live are tumbling into ruins, sleek and hideous and blatant where everything else is dingy or dull or retired. The ugliness of its decorations seems to be almost deliberate; bright glazed tiles or bricks, great sheets of glass basely engraved, huge lamps which in construction and decoration represent all that money can do to debauch honest craftsmanship—these are the elements of a kind of gaudy grandiloquence that is meant to represent splendour and luxury to the dull eyes that look upon it. At night it blazes with light—light raying from the hideous lamps and reflected from endless mirrored surfaces, making in the murk and the fog and the squalor a specious effect of that joy and comfort of which light in darkness is a symbol. But go inside, and you will find that the luxury is all a sham and the comfort all a delusion; there is often even nowhere to sit down—only infinite furniture of bottles,

a sawdust floor, and a mahogany counter at which to stand and drink as much strong liquor as possible in the shortest possible space of time.

The thing is so disgusting, so patently wrong, that it has bred violent and angry opposition; opposition right in its angry origin, but unreasonable in its angry expression. Those whom the sight of it thus rouses to anger desire simply to sweep it away; not to reform it, but to abolish it. Drinking is by them looked upon as a vice, and for the poor man, at any rate, a degrading and disgraceful proceeding; and places where people drink are therefore looked upon as being, and indeed tend to become, degrading and disgraceful places. Between the people drinking inside the public-house and the people outside who loathe it for its ugliness and sordid wickedness the wall of glazed bricks and tiles is an impenetrable barrier. There is no possible means of understanding between them. One does not know the inside and the other does not know the outside point of view, and between them the institution itself flourishes.

This is a hopeless state of affairs; and it is the people outside the public-house who are most in the wrong. It may possibly be disadvantageous to use alcoholic liquor at all as a beverage; if as a nation we ceased entirely to use it we might possibly reap incalculable benefit. But drinking, although it may be disadvantageous, is not wrong according to any practical standard of working morals, and it cannot be abolished or forbidden. In those States of America where it is a penal offence to sell, buy, or even to drink intoxicating liquor, the rate of drunkenness is higher than in any other. It has simply become a human habit to drink for pleasure, and it is a habit that no law can abolish. Common sense, then, suggests the attempt to regulate its use and to prevent its abuse. Various organisations in England have attempted this, mostly with disheartening results. A very real effort started some years ago to reform the public-house has not been by any means a success, the reason being that the reform was attempted in the country, in the village inn, where all the advantages and few of the disadvantages of the public-house system are manifest. The country inn is a kind of club where men drink among their fellows; where they are known, and where public opinion is a strong force. It is not the country inn that is in such crying need of reform, but the town public-house; and this the reformers have been unable to touch because of the great financial interests involved—because it is, in fact, to the direct interest of some of the most important people in this country that poor and unimportant people in the towns should drink as much as possible.

Every reform which can be regarded as an attack upon the public-house is bound to fail at present. But there is one reform which, allied with a gradual and proper regulation and supervision of the licensing system, might do some real good—and that is not to attack the public-house, but to make it more public. I would like to see the public-house made more attractive—I don't mean by the provision of coffee and cocoa and buns, because it is a simple fact that people do not frequent public-houses for the purpose of consuming these dainties. They go there chiefly to drink beer and spirits; they will continue to go there for that purpose, and no just authority can possibly try to prevent them. But if the public-house were made, as I say, really attractive, some at least of its worst horrors would vanish. The place to make this experiment is not in the country, but in the town; and of all towns London is the most suitable, partly because it would be most difficult to accomplish anything there, and partly because the influence of the reform would be greatest, since fashions are set in London. This is a chance for a Government, if indeed such can possibly exist in our day, that dared to attempt to carry a measure for other reasons than that it would be immediately popular. A Public-House Reform Bill would, if it were carried, make the Government that passed it historical; if it were lost, no Government would have a more glorious defeat. And among the provisions of this

ideal Bill, which would necessarily have to deal with licences and with the quality of drink sold, would be an enactment that public-houses were to be public. Among their many degrading influences at present, none is more degrading than the assumption that drinking is a thing to be done in private, in a place screened from the public gaze, and that the drinker must slink in by a side door or, if she be some tatterdemalion woman desiring a drink of gin, enter a door genteelly inscribed "Ladies' Wine Bar". The quite monstrous and hideously symbolic fact that all the doors, although labelled with different designations, open immediately into the same place, and that the patron of the "Private Buffet", once the doors have swung behind him, stands elbow to elbow with the drinkers in the "Ladies' Wine Bar", is eloquent beyond all need of comment of the state which the town public-house has reached. I would like it to be illegal for a public-house to be shut in at all; it should be open to the street and the pavement, with tables and chairs under proper awnings and shelters, as is the manner in France and Belgium, so that people may sit openly in sight of each other and of the public, and refresh themselves how and when they will. If people frequent public-houses they ought not to be made to feel that they are doing something wrong and shameful; they should not have to slink in furtively and hide themselves; for the sense of shame, when it is not strong enough to act as a preventive, is merely very degrading. The people who would abstain from drinking because they were seen sitting in the café at high noon would be very much benefited by their abstinence; while the man who wanted to drink, and intended to drink, would also be benefited by not being encouraged to behave as though he were engaged in some furtive misdemeanour.

Is there anything to be said against a system of open cafés in the streets? If there is, I should like to hear it, although my impression is that at present they are illegal. It may be said that they are not suited to our climate. But there are many months in the year when with proper shelter they would not only be possible but pleasant; and for bad and cold weather in winter the system of glass screens, which makes a café in Paris, although practically an open, a perfectly comfortable place even on a snowy day in February, could be used. This is but an idea; the machinery by which it might be carried out is not for me to suggest. It is one of those things about which every sensible and experienced person is in agreement, and which for that very reason is difficult to get done under the party system of politics. Yet there is so much brain and so much money devoted to the betterment of the social conditions of our time that any ideas and discussions relative to their direction cannot be quite useless. Public-house reform in the country has failed because there is no crying need for it; but I believe that an attempt to reform the town public-house, gigantic as the task may seem, might meet with success for the very reason that it is so difficult and so necessary. At any rate, it cannot be called a revolutionary idea to try to reform the public-house by making it public, and by making it attractive.

PAINTERS OF BEAUTY.

BY ERNEST DIMNET.

SELECT a fine long afternoon warm enough to make cool waters and shady lawns pleasant, but not stifling or blazing—it should be one of those days when it seems always afternoon—and take the Suresnes boat at the Pont Royal, just beneath Carpeaux' "Flora"; you will float down the Seine past the white handsome bridges, along the Trocadéro avenues and the parks of Auteuil—ah! go soon, don't tarry; there's an air of good-bye over them—till you come to the Meudon loop, wondering how so much beauty of curving hills and deep green dales can be left near a modern town; then swiftly by the Saint-Cloud charmilles, and at last to the Suresnes bridge, where you will land just in time to escape from the vision of the Suresnes chimneys. On

your right lies the Bois de Boulogne, and a few steps will take you under shelter of its riverside avenue. This part is no conventional fashionable one. The immense meadow of the Champ d'Entraînement stretches away with only two or three clumps of chestnut trees to fix the eye, and its long grass is honest homely grass. But all round it is bounded by thick banks of foliage, and to the north two happy-looking eighteenth-century buildings, one with a portico, the other with a cupola, gleam white in a little park of their own. It is difficult to resist the longing to strike into the field knee-deep in the rank grass and seek the entrance of that smiling place. This is Bagatelle, and here lived Sir Richard Wallace. Two good names, this of the owner and that of the place; two names made for each other; two names which supersede adjectives. Bagatelle could not but be a lovely place, and as to Sir Richard, what a delight it is when you ask about him to hear the perfect answer: why, he was just a nice old man who loved art and all that. It was all in his name, and I have noticed many times that it does not mean the same man in London. Bagatelle had a narrow escape some ten years ago. It was put up for sale, and the hideous Jewish syndicate which has bought every confiscated convent garden in Paris and runs streets through them, was already alive and on the look-out. Now it is all very well for the boulevard papers to speak of Paris as the enchantress, etc. Paris often means the Municipal Council of Paris, and the Municipal Council of Paris means exceedingly matter-of-fact persons (vid. the bust of its President at the Salon des Beaux-Arts). There could very well be to-day a tall Parisian Park Lane on the site of Bagatelle. The gentle spirit of Sir Richard averted that abomination, and the few invisible men of taste who consume their lives infusing elegance into the plain dealings of the Municipal Council silently took possession of the pavilions and their grounds. Through the whole summer you can see millions of roses in the roseraie opposite the wonderful shades originally arranged by Blackie, and from 15 May till 14 July the doors of the pavillons are thrown open, and a picture exhibition attracts people enough to satisfy the corporation.

These exhibitions might be anything. There is no reason why even Bagatelle should not be made to harbour indifferent paintings. But the benevolent sprites who watch over the beauty of Paris exert their subtle influence, and Bagatelle, after being for a century a mere place of delight, is at present a school of beauty. Year after year the Bagatelle exhibition appears less as an artistic display than an artistic idea or even inspiration. The organisers feel and make us feel that one does not go on a pilgrimage to Bagatelle merely to see pictures, but to commune with the genius loci, that is to say, the wonderful admixture of nature and culture, of freshness and arrangement, of simplicity and rarity which is characteristic of the eighteenth century, and still lives embodied in Bagatelle, in its site, its gardens, its roses, and its memories. The moment we step in, the mute pictures seem to speak to us. "You do not come here", they say, "as you go to the Salons, just to see what is going on, or to admire realistic achievements, or colouring put on canvas, for mere colour's sake: you come to be reminded of better times, when men and women tried to beautify all they touched, and to embellish your own souls by living a short time in a place where nothing is common. See, here we are fifty painted by Reynolds or his compeers, and fifty by La Tour; or we are the beauties of that exquisitely cosmopolitan milieu, the court of the Impératrice: we had our weaknesses and even our littlenesses, but we could bear nothing low or ugly. Feel with us an hour before going back to your paltry surroundings. Perhaps the regret you will bear away from here will become a germ in your mind, and the simple taste for beauty which we had and you lost may revive in your children."

This year the little speech is even plainer than usual. The Bagatelle exhibition is devoted to Music and the Dance, and the idea is evidently utopian. Nothing can be more pictorial or sculptural than the Dance, but

nothing is so untranslatable to the eye as Music. Let us admit that the organisers have been the victims of a little fallacy, of our habit of coupling two arts which have nothing in common though one never goes without the other. Perhaps their mistake emphasises their intention even more than logic; they wanted their lovely place to be for the coming two months the shrine of that which is the most perceptibly graceful or the most intangibly fascinating in art. Certainly it is utterly vain for the purpose to show us the portrait of Saint Saens, even done by Benjamin Constant, but it is not so to show us the portrait of Berlioz by an unknown painter. One is amazed at the number of good things ascribed in this not very large exhibition to that seductive painter Inconnu. The Inconnus at Bagatelle were apparently men who thought more of their model than of themselves and the opinion the world would have of their work. There is no effort on their part to catch the eye but a loving effort to seize the expression of their sitter. In the case of a Berlioz with a most keen eye and the wittiest mouth the effect is a great deal more powerful than mere good painting. What shall I say when the sitter was Malibran? Inconnu this time was probably an Italian whose palette was far from rich, but how delightful his pleasure in the graceful head and neck, and in the eyes and mouth of the great singer! Go round and round the two Salons, you will find plenty of talent and learning, but you will not find one woman's portrait, not one showing that the artist knew that the relation between the eyes and the mouth is the secret of expression. There never is any expression in modern women's portraits, but there is enough to make us sit down and study and dream in the portrait of Maria Malibran. We promptly begin to forget that her voice which we never heard was divine, but the picture resuscitates the woman, and with her an epoch which was intoxicated with the love of beauty. It is strange that of the Romanticists, who were as paganly mystic as the old Spanish knights were chivalrous, we should have kept little more than their Bohemian ways and their realistic theories which their spirit constantly belied. A man like Musset was a true, rightful inmate of Bagatelle, and we would think so even if the portrait of Malibran did not remind us of his verse. The passion of his contemporaries, of Théophile Gautier above all, for dancers, was as genuinely artistic. To him Fanny Ellsler was no woman, she was gracefulness itself. There are hundreds of paintings and drawings and sculptures after dancers, from La Taglioni painted by Patten to Isadora Duncan sketched by five or six artists—including most unexpectedly Carrière, and very naturally Rodin, who, however, forgot to send his drawings. None gives such a vivid impression as the exquisite miniaturist I have mentioned—Georges Patten—in his portraits of Fanny Ellsler, Cerrito, and Mrs. Cooper. His drawing is obviously unreal—there are no such arms and hands, no such figures, no such winged feet giving or resisting the impulse of the scarlet full petticoat—but all this unreality is deliberate and more true than the verity I see in, say, Mr. Stewart's Zambelli. Bagatelle was called La Folie because it was built in a month, and artistic disdain of common wisdom is well in keeping with it. Patten succeeded in painting his impression even more than his model, and to me this is the best art.

The same intention as well as the most astounding success is apparent in the gem of the Bagatelle exhibition, the original *dieu de la Danse* in Carpeaux' famous group. This erect, weightless, youthfulness with unearthly pleasure in its eyes and smile is so final that while its every detail is a sensuous joy you can only speak of it as an abstraction. If you come to Paris this summer go to Bagatelle, and after seeing the *dieu de la Danse* you will always be grateful to the providence which arranged a Carpeaux exhibition at the Tuileries *Jeu de Paume* just at the same time. Carpeaux is the last French sculptor who, having been taught to aim in everything at style, naturally attained expression. I will not weaken by imperfect words the pleasure which his laughing marbles will give you.

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

BY C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

IN writing of the Royal Scottish Academy one is irresistibly inclined to dwell at least as emphatically upon the spirit in which it takes responsibility, as on the actual face value of the exhibition. Then again it is difficult to avoid comparing the Scottish body with the English; the one so unassuming and unpompous in its admirable galleries, the other in magnificent saloons, well-nigh choked by the close atmosphere of ostentatious ceremony within a quadrangle packed with brilliant motor-cars. (I will resist the logical inclination to put poor Piccadilly beside Princes Street.) The first impression one receives in the Edinburgh Academy is of taste, of counsel taken to give æsthetic value to the exhibition merely regarded on the rudimentary ground of gallery-design, lighting, colouring and hanging. You might fancy the hangers had decided that the thing to be desired was not a show of pictures hung in rows like depressed bloaters on a stall, but a sensitive atmosphere, a calculated effect which should encourage whatever appeal the pictures strove to make. In the same way the sculptures are set in a gallery designed to their plastic nature, and seen in an atmosphere related to art.

Then comes a recognition of the serious aim the Scottish academicians have. They do not regard the annual exhibitions as unrestricted opportunity for pushing their own work so much as a chance of showing the Scottish artists and public not only the best examples of current native art but also specimens of outside activity, otherwise inaccessible. Primarily of course the Scotch Academy should entertain Scotch artists, but how admirable this plan of contending with the risk of provincialism!

So far Scottish art has been but slightly stirred by latest cries. I should not suppose that Mr. Austen Brown's expedition into Post-Futurism (if that be his private sect) will rally many to a flag whose colours are shrill viridian, vermillion and a bitter petunia purple. His portrait of "Dr. Haultain" reveals the heroism of martyrdom, for what save splendid devotion to the Post-Futurist cause can have led Dr. Haultain to commit himself thus to an irreverent posterity? Apart from this there is little in current Scottish art that derives from "up-to-date" Paris. I should say that Raeburn in portraiture and Jacob Maris in landscape are the prevailing influences. Mr. Fiddes Watt is the popular exponent of Raeburn, and though Raeburn at his best was a fine portrait painter with an instinct for colour and a true sense of character he was also very academic. Mr. Fiddes Watt has a knack of casting his sitters—Sir John Graham, Lord Haldane and B. H. Blyth Esq. for Raeburn parts; he does not see them for himself at all, but simply transposes them into a Raeburn key, painted by Mr. Fiddes Watt. In consequence they all wear masks and face us as "strong rugged types, warranted to look like Scottish judges". Sir George Reid's "Sir John Murray" is in contrast sensitively vital, essentially a colourist's work.

The Maris tradition has nurtured a school of charming colourists: they hang thick upon the walls. Scottish colour is quite distinct from English, more milky and pearly, more silvery and opalescent. When we get good Scottish pictures in Burlington House they tell enormously, and even in an exhibition like this at Edinburgh, where they are comparatively common, they are most agreeable. But they are not satisfying. Emphatic silhouette, firmly accentuated design and severity of draughtsmanship are badly wanted as a tonic. The austerity of Mr. D. Y. Cameron's "Cir Mohr", its comparatively powerful sense of structure and elemental rhythm put it quite above the charge of provincialism. Much more of this strong tonic is needed to brace up Scottish painting, and the Committee has worked in the right direction in including by invitation examples of Messrs. C. J. Holmes, D. S. MacColl and Walter Russell. Mr. Holmes' and Mr. MacColl's drawings depend entirely on design and

structurally stated form; I should like to see the former's "Pen-y-Ghent" and the latter's "Brasenose Quad", now the most authoritative exhibits in the New English Art Club, hanging among the Scotchmen's pictures. In the same way Mr. Lamb's "Phantasy", certainly the finest thing he has done, would have great tonic value in making clear the astonishing sufficiency of what is little more than a design in monochrome. (I make no reference now to the imaginative vitality inspiring Mr. Lamb's conception.) Mr. Walter Russell's "Camilla", in the Edinburgh Academy, though not remarkable as a portrait, is most valuable in this context. For the head, despite its pretty colour, is drawn with plastic severity. The contour and the features have the unshirked sureness and netteté so much needed in so many Scottish portraits. The invitation, on the other hand, of Mr. Brangwyn's "Fish-woman" and even of Mr. Orpen's "Myself and Cupid" can help Scotch painting very little. Mr. Brangwyn seems settling down into incurable sloppiness of form that is not made palatable by unctuous colour.

The comparative amorphousness of their painting cannot be unconnected with a restriction imposed on Scottish painters by provincialism. I allude to the tradition yet potent in Scotland that the naked human figure is indecent. It is very difficult to write tolerantly of this tradition, for it implies fundamentally an indecent state of mind. But we must remember that its institution lies far back, at the doors of Early Christian fathers who, I believe, had a sort of political reason for discrediting pagan art. So that having for centuries thought of the body as identical with an animal conception of it, we accept this confusion naturally. This year's Scottish Academy, however, is remarkable for a definite break with this tradition, and clearly shows how necessary the step is. It would be very unfair to criticise the three nude paintings in the exhibition unmindful of their cramping environment: they must be regarded as pioneer efforts, and every effort made to encourage development. Apropos of the public's views of the naked form in art I cannot resist reference to an English illustration recently shown me. A fête was being organised to raise funds for a church. I will not say that the particular denomination of the church involved the attitude in point. A committee was formed to get together an art exhibition—"but let it be borne in mind", was the condition, "that though artists will be artists, the intended exhibition is in aid of a free church, and—well, perhaps the artists will remember that". To allay any apprehensions it was suggested that all exhibits should be landscapes. This is the attitude that causes our National Gallery authorities to withhold from public exhibition one of our finest pictures, the splendid Michelangelesque "Leda and the Swan".

The Invitation Committee, then, of the Scottish Academy will be acting in the truest interests of Scotch art by getting the best examples of figure painting within reach. For the realisation of definite anatomical structure must stimulate enthusiasm for severity in design and form. Moreover it is incontestable that the true instinct for paint inherent in most Scotch painters will gain in science and expression by studying the nude. Exercises du chic, on the contrary, for instance Mr. F. C. Cadell's "Mirror", an offshoot I dare say of the Robert Brough-cum-Paris-Salons School, will take no one further than surface dexterity, and it is just these surface qualities that must be left alone if Scottish painting is to advance beyond the point Mr. Lavery for example reached some years ago. To a poor Southerner it seems inexplicable that the Scots do not find self-expression in large elemental landscape, in the grave silhouettes of hills and mountains austere repressive of gentle lyric feeling. I think a national expression, in its way comparable with the Japanese, might have been formed from the silhouette of Edinburgh's battlemented, prow-like citadel alone; from the standpoint of emotional design, an incomparable thing to live beneath. Mr. MacColl's "Stirling Castle", and

Mr. Cameron's "Cir Mohr" (and a very few of his etchings one might add) have this feeling, but, as far as I know, no Scottish painter or etcher has Mr. Holmes' intimacy with the significance of mountains.

From these general considerations I might come to particular pictures, if that were profitable when few of my readers may visit the Scottish exhibition. Perhaps it will be enough to say that pictures comparable with the washy sentimental bulk of Burlington House exhibits are rare, and that an atmosphere of sincere effort to express something seen is prevalent. Rodin's "La Défense" dominates the delightful sculpture hall, a piece that well illustrates his method, as I understand, of drawing by innumerable silhouettes. It is remarkable how from almost any point the agitated complex lines of the contour form noble rhythms pregnant with the group's vitality. In this connexion Mr. Havard Thomas' "Thyrsis", at Burlington House, whose style completely gives away the bronze that balances it (the "Shepherd Boy", purchased by the Chantrey Committee), is wanting. Important contours of his figure make rather unstimulating silhouettes, and it is not free of conscious scholarship, or rather the appearance of it. Miss Buchanan's "Meditation", at Edinburgh, in some pleasant medium, has charming dignity and tenderness; and M. Yrurtia's "Recueillement" remains in the memory.

"The Roll Call" that had to be roped off in the Academy when it was exhibited years ago, so great was its sensational appeal, is now modestly on view in the Leicester Gallery. One thing it proves, at any rate; how the appetite for sensationalism has come, in the last twenty years. No ropes would be needed for "The Roll Call" now. Beside our Boer War pictures it would look sincere and quiet.

THE GENESIS OF GOLF.

THE archaeology of golf, as of other things, comes to an end just when the game appears. Under James II. of Scotland (ascended 1437) the game was developed enough to be proscribed by royal edict among "other sic unprofitable sportis". It was "the gouff" already, but how long had it been in existence and where did it come from?

From the middle of the fifteenth century we have to fall back upon a group of European games, resembling, in some cases, hockey; in others, croquet; and to imagine as best we can the genesis of golf from their midst.

According to Jusserand, our best authority, all the games and sports of mediæval England came from France. We need not here dispute this proposition, but neither need we accept it. Let us glance at this group of stick-and-ball games played more or less everywhere in Europe before the fifteenth century, but particularly in France.

There is first the game of soule, solle, choule, or cholle, still played as a form of village football, resembling the Cornish hurling, in Brittany, Picardy, and elsewhere in France. It was enormously popular by the fourteenth century, and probably can be traced back to the twelfth. We have to note that in these early times a game had as a rule no specific name. The usual phrases were "playing at or with" the specifically named ball or instrument of percussion. The term soule practically always has reference to the ball. We shall see later the importance of this fact. In the next place, though "playing at the soule" generally denotes what we should style football, yet as early as the thirteenth century we find "playing at the soule with a crosse". Ducange defines choulla—globulus ligneus [qui] clava propellitur. But the globulus was a large ball, comparatively speaking, in soule proper, and either inflated or stuffed with moss and the like. In soule de la crosse it was either stuffed or wooden, and probably tended to be of smaller size—globulus, whereas in soule proper it was often described as a ballon.

For centuries the crosse was the main type of all the various forms of stick or club used in the mediæval

stick-and-ball games. As the name implies and mediæval drawings prove, it was a "crook", very similar to the modern hockey-stick. A stick of this shape is universal throughout the world; it remains in use as a walking-stick, the crook forming a handle, by which in the latest fashion it may be hung on the arm. Other applications of it, both still surviving, are the shepherd's crook and the pastoral staff, the crozier, of ecclesiastical shepherds. In both these cases the crooked end serves, literally or metaphorically, to jerk back errant sheep to the fold or the narrow way. From it are derived the hockey-sticks and the golf-clubs of the present time.

Leaving it for the moment, we pass to another mediæval game. There is extant a receipt, dated 1147, for ten martelli, and seven maximi ballones. Here is primitive croquet on the way to its parallel development in pall mall, le jeu du mail. Pall mall attained an extraordinary popularity, and was both aristocratic and democratic by the sixteenth century. It consisted in hitting a wooden ball about the size of a tennis-ball with a mallet lighter and smaller and longer in the handle than a croquet mallet. Unlike croquet, it included long driving, the ball being driven off the ground, and drives of 200 yards being recorded. For the drive-off the ball was teed. The object of the game was to reach a mark, such as a stone or tree, in the fewest strokes, and, as in golf, each player had his own ball and played for his own hand, except when more than two played. In the case of, say, two against two, the players formed sides, but each man had a ball of his own. The game is still played at Montpellier. In mediæval times we find, e.g. in 1350, the name chèque given to the ball. Throughout we can detect the game by the use of the mallet, the "hammer" of 1147, the mailhetus of 1350. There is a curious sidelight on mediæval sport in the fact that the documents which mention the martel or malleus used to propel the ball are generally legal, dealing with summonses against players who smote other players' heads instead of their own balls.

Though crook and mallet are such distinct forms, it is easy to realise that in their earlier and cruder shapes they might be interchangeable. We actually find in fifteenth-century drawings players aiming at a mark, a stick fixed in the ground as at croquet, with a club resembling a modern wooden putter but as large as a man's foot. The shape of the club or stick being an important clue to the genesis of these games, it is worth while looking into the possibilities of both artificial and natural forms. A croquet mallet with the head set at an angle may be used like a hockey-stick. But it is better, obviously, without a heel. A hockey-stick with a hammer-headed toe may be used like a croquet mallet. But it is better with a heel. The natural forms of sticks, branches of young trees with a head formed by a piece of the stem, saplings with a crooked root, suggest both methods of hitting a ball. The former, if heeled, is already a mallet, but with an angle. The hammer would suggest a right-angled setting. There is still another natural form, the club-shaped branch or sapling. When straight, it is a club for breaking heads, the war-mace; when crooked, it has the angle appropriate for hitting a ball on the ground. From this our cricket-bat came. Cutting the surface which meets the ball, so as to make a plane face, was an obvious improvement. Already in the middle ages the crosse was shoed and faced with iron. Lastly, the more the crook approaches the form with a flat, instead of a semi-circular, head, the more suitable is it for balls, though not for sheep; and, clearly enough, the hockey-stick type is earlier than the mallet type, for the latter in nature has its head at an angle.

Golf, then, comes direct from a special method of playing ball with the crosse. But the crosse was not necessarily French; it is practically universal, as we suggested. Pall mall may be, as Mr. Lang describes it, "the sister of golf", but that is all. Mr. Lang (in the Badminton "Golf") leans to a derivation of golf from la soule, or at least to that of the name golf

from chole. We have now to consider the etymological aspect of the problem. Choule, chole, is still applied in Belgium to a sort of jeu du mail aux grands coups. It has no other resemblance to golf. Nor, by the way, has the Dutch game, het kolven, played as a sort of croquet in the courts of inns, any resemblance to golf, and the popular notion that golf comes from kolf (a bat or butt end) and golf from het kolven is a superficial error. Under James VI. of Scotland (ascended 1567) the Scotch bought balls from Holland to play golf in Scotland. But the game was played in Scotland more than 150 years before, and was not played in Holland even when the Dutch made feather balls.

Of course in an earlier form, as seen in the place-name Golfdrum, it was "golf", and equally, of course, both golf and kolf derive like the German kolbe from an ancient Teutonic cholbo, and the hypothetical Gothic kulban. The ancient term means a stick with a head, a club, and "club" is probably a derivative. Mr. Lang suggests a Keltic form of this old word. Returning to soule, or chole, we may reject Ducange's derivation from solea, "because the ball was hit with the sole of the foot", which of course it was not. As for its derivation from cholbo, we must remember that this meant a club, while soule generally refers to the ball. Yet the German Kügel is ball, but the English "cudgel" is club; and chole seems to be Belgian for stick. Such confusion is natural, and may have often occurred. Thus Ducange notes that crosse sometimes meant "ball". All the same, choule might just as well derive from the Teutonic word which gave the German Kügel. In any case golf does not come from la choule, nor the word golf either.

But how do we get the Teutonic word in Scotland? In Scots dialects gowf occurs, meaning a blow with the open hand. Is the word Keltic (original Scots) or Teutonic? It is very old, but Scotland was particularly a Northman's country from the ninth century to the thirteenth, the Lowlands were largely Danish, the North and the Western Islands Norwegian. Now the ancient Scandinavians, like many other peoples, had a ball-game played with cudgels, the knattleike, sopleike, or sköfuleike, and the cudgel was knattbrê (so Weinhold). But the Old Norse and Icelandic usual term for a cudgel was kolfr, from the old Teutonic root. The Northmen were great adapters if not creators of games. But the Scots golf is probably older than their advent, and so probably is the game. The fact that it is first mentioned in Scots documents goes far to show that it originated in Scotland, as is appropriate.

The two salient features of the game, apart from the club, are the making of the hole in as few strokes as possible, and the use of holes as marks. The latter seems to have belonged to early varieties of crosse, and the former was common in the days of pall mall. Hence we cannot, with Mr. Lang, exclude French influence on account of the hole system. But everything else points to a Scots origin of the game and a Keltic (Scots) origin of the name, unless perchance Scandinavian assisted in this.

It may well be that, as Professor Patrick Geddes fancied, it was rabbit-holes (on the S. Andrews foreshore) that suggested a mark for the golf-ball. He imagined a shepherd tending sheep on that narrow strip of pasture; his Viking blood (Scandinavian influence again) prompted him to combine exercise with his meditative occupation. He therefore swung his shepherd's crook at the white pebbles. The rabbit-holes, at first by accident, suggested a mark. Certainly the single-handed character of golf is an element that needs more explanation than the Continental games supply. When formed, the game would receive adaptable hints from all quarters, loft from the lofted end of the pall mall mallet, spoons from the lève of that game, and special balls from Holland. But the genesis, as well as the genius of it, was essentially Scots.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"IMPERIAL-NATIONALISM."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Saffron Walden, 27 May 1912.

SIR,—It seems that nothing will dispel the careless dreams of some political sentimentalists that Imperialism can, or does, mean a confederation of the "Empire". A recent Empire Day edition of a great daily intimated that India is subjected to a "needless humiliation" by her exclusion from the so-called "Imperial" Conferences—meetings that, as a matter of fact, are only racial, national and inter-party. "She asks" (I quote) "to be allowed to take her place . . . and resents her exclusion." This plea, if it is anything, is a plea not for nationalism, or Imperialism, but for universalism.

On the other hand, Imperialism is Nationalism, and nothing else. The race (the kingdom, the nation) is now of five countries: United Kingdom, 45,000,000; four Dominions, 15,000,000; or sixty millions of citizens, as distinct from the subjects (subject races) of the Empire.

Imperial economic co-operation, or unity (involving Imperial defence and national responsibilities all round) is practicable; whereas "Empire" confederation is, at this time, utterly impossible. But the desire to utilise the admitted economic advantages of combining the five branches of one racial family into one co-operative kingdom surely should not be resented by India. We may, and, I think, do, entirely sympathise with India's aspirations for the future, but why should she, or any colony, seek inclusion in an only inter-domestic national conference, before her admission to the councils of the Motherland with whom is the exclusive control of her "Services" and her Government?

It is conceivable that Australia may some day welcome some of India's races to her northern territory, which must be settled; but it is neither feasible nor desirable, in India's interests, for Canada to do so. Again, where is Canada's material concern in India compared with the Motherland's? In 1910-11 Canada exported to India merchandise valued at Rx 440; she imported from India Rx 838,000. Britain exported Rx 104,048,000, and imported Rx 55,734,000. Hence Canada's interests are racially and materially negligible and pertain exclusively, though sympathetically, with India's part in the Empire, which her ancestors, no less than Britain's, won.

After all, at this time, when many parochial factions are discovering or rediscovering numerous nationals within the one kingdom, it is useful to remember that above and including all of these is the British nation. And again, with some little more thoughtful knowledge, particularly on the part of only sentimental Imperialists, it could be discovered that the larger Nationalism of Imperialism does disclose not only the remedy for Britain's industrial unrest, but a method of safeguarding and consolidating the Empire at the same time. Yet it is difficult to impress Englishmen that their kingdom and nation have really developed since the last "official" Act and disclosure of 1801.

Yours faithfully,

"CANUCK."

BRITAIN AND THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 28 May 1912.

SIR,—Mr. H. S. Bunbury's striking letter is singularly opportune, coming as it does at a moment when a section of the Press is urging the conclusion of a definite alliance between England and France. Such an alliance could only be interpreted as a challenge to Germany, and is especially to be deprecated at a time when Germany has so clearly signified her desire for

more cordial relations with this country. The great danger to England at the present moment is her blind reliance on the unalterable friendship of the United States of America. We may as well face facts and realise that the existence of Canada as a part of the British Empire is incompatible with the ambition of the United States to dominate the entire American continent. The Monroe Doctrine means much more than the exclusion of Germany from the New World, as Mr. Bunbury points out from personal knowledge; and our policy is undoubtedly to denounce it before the opening of the Panama Canal, and to lend our support to Germany in the acquisition of territory in the less settled portions of temperate South America which are still available. Why, to put it bluntly, should the dog-in-the-manger policy of the United States be allowed to embitter the relations of two European Powers which together could control the policy of the whole world?

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
IMMO S. ALLEN.

A MESSAGE FROM NATAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Gestingthorpe Hall, Castle Hedingham, Essex,
18 May 1912.

SIR,—I trust the following extract from a friend in Natal will interest your readers, and that it may help people here to realise the state of things in our colony: "We who would rather have been poorer and remained an English Colony are feeling the condition of things even more than I can say. It is so hard that those who held meetings all over Natal to awaken people to the knowledge of what would happen under Boer rule suffer more than the people who wanted Unification, because it was to be good for new pockets. It is all too cruel. We have absolutely lost all interest in the country. I grieve so much that my children will grow up without the influences of sacrifice and love for English ideals."

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
CAROLINE A. OATES.

THE ULSTER QUESTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—May I say that the exclusion of four Irish counties from the Home Rule Bill will not solve the Ulster problem at all? The Unionists of Tyrone and Fermanagh are as ready to resist as any of their brethren, if not more so, and if resistance once commenced the Unionists of the four excepted counties would no doubt come to their assistance. Six counties, not four, should be excluded—unless we depart from definition by counties and have the boundaries fixed by a commission.

Truly yours,
OBSERVER.

THE STATE CONTRIBUTION TO HEALTH INSURANCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Springhill, Clarkston, Glasgow, 4 May 1912.

SIR,—Mr. Lloyd George has again been exposing "misrepresentation". Here is an extract from a letter which he has just caused to be written to a correspondent:

"It must be explained that a part of the State contribution is deducted for the first years during which the scheme is in operation to pay for the reserve values credited to the Approved Societies. . . ."

This is Mr. George's version of Clause 55 (3), which runs:

"Out of each weekly contribution paid by or in respect of an insured person . . . there shall be retained by the Insurance Commissioners the sum of

one penny and five-ninths . . . and the amounts so retained shall . . . be applied towards discharging the liabilities of the Insurance Commissioners in respect of the reserve values created by this section."

Amongst the vices of which the Insurance Act is compounded, the worst is just this: that the State is to pay nothing *pari passu* with the other contributors. Mr. George has himself explained over and over again that the cost of sickness grows with age. The other contributors are to pay a level rate calculated to carry them up to seventy without modification. The State is to pay only as the claim for benefit arises, and no fraction of its contribution goes to the discharging of these reserve value liabilities.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
JOHN GOVAN.

"PARLIAMENTARY REMINISCENCES."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Reigate, May 1912.

SIR,—In a letter in the SATURDAY REVIEW of the 25th inst., Mr. H. D. Ellis seems to doubt whether Mr. Lowe was the author of the epitaph on himself which I have given in my "Parliamentary Reminiscences". I cannot positively assert that Mr. Lowe wrote the epitaph, but at the time it was generally believed that it came from his pen. It must be recollected that Mr. Lowe, if he did not actually enjoy his unpopularity, regarded it with cynical indifference. He was therefore quite capable of writing the mocking and satirical epitaph which so much amused his colleagues. If he was not its author, it must, I think, be ascribed to Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Mr. Ellis gives the Latin version of the epitaph, of which Mr. Lowe himself was undoubtedly the author. Mr. Gladstone also put it into Latin, and perhaps your readers would like to see his version, which, if not more graceful than Mr. Lowe's, is at least a bit of vigorous and concise Latinity:

"Roberti Lowe hic corpus jacet,
Quà sit ipse Musa tacet.
Ad superna si volabit,
Pax e cœlis exulabit.
Sin ad inferos meabit,
Et Diabolum vexabit".

Yours truly,
W. JEANS.

"BE BRITISH!"

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

27 May 1912.

SIR,—I venture to think that "Beta", who writes in your issue of last week, has not quite understood Lady Grove's letter. The suggestion therein implied is, surely, that a captain, of any nation, placed in the critical position of Captain Smith of the "Titanic", should refrain from exhorting his shipmates to quit themselves like men of the nation to which they belong. A French captain should not cry "Be French!" nor a German "Be German!" nor an Italian "Be Italian!" nor a Russian "Be Russian!"—and so on. What, then, should be the dying exhortation of the brave skipper? Of course Lady Grove means "Be Cosmopolitan!"

This would be splendid! It would sound grandly through the megaphone; and it would have the advantage of giving no offence to foreigners who might be on board, still less to Liberal patriots of Lady Grove's way of thinking. But, in spite of such temptations to belong to other nations and to prefer any or every other country to my own, I, as an unregenerate Tory who has not yet learned to be ashamed of his native land, would still wish to live and die

BRITISH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Sedgehill Manor, 29 May 1912.

SIR,—Those critics who have done me the honour to read my letter to you, and the further honour of commenting on it, seem, one and all, to have missed the point I intended to make. It was not the gallant captain of the sunken ship nor his injunction to the passengers that I criticised: criticism of any kind in that particular direction would have been ill-timed and ill-natured as well as futile. I wished, obviously I should have thought, to call attention to the fatuous comments and the atmosphere of self-righteous egoism the worthy captain's exclamation produced. But I am so much obliged to those who, with amazing perspicacity, have actually seen and have been good enough to point out that perhaps, after all, "Be Japanese!" would not have been a very suitable thing to say.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

AGNES GROVE.

LISTER AND SEMMELWEISS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Don Street, Invercargill,
New Zealand,

31 March 1912.

SIR,—Your issue of 17 February has just reached us here. In your appreciation of Lord Lister you have stated fairly his claims upon the gratitude and veneration of his race. He and Sir J. Hooker, to whom you paid a corresponding tribute a few weeks earlier, must be nearly the last of that wonderful galaxy of stars of the first magnitude which shone in the sky of science during the mid-Victorian period.

You instituted a comparison between Lister's work and that of the unfortunate Semmelweiss, in terms which I think are hardly just to the latter. The former's work was done without consciousness of any aid from Semmelweiss, and deserves all the glory it has obtained. Where I think you err is in saying that the fertilising ideas of Pasteur were at the disposal of the Hungarian as well as of Lister. The sad clouding of Semmelweiss' mind had manifestly begun when his book "Aetiologie des Kindbettfiebers" was written, and it was only published in 1861. Pasteur's "Fermentations déterminées par des animalcules" etc. was not published till 1863.

In Lister's paper of 1867 he attributed the formation of pus in wounds to the influence of decomposing organic matters just as Semmelweiss had done in 1849 or 1850, when he explained his views himself to the world for the first time. I do not remember that in 1867 Lister had yet united his views with those of Pasteur on micro-organisms, the union which in the Englishman's hands led to such glorious and beneficent results as you pointed out. By this time Semmelweiss was several years dead and gone.

In 1850 Semmelweiss put forth these conclusions:—
1. Puerperal fever is exactly similar in nature to wound fevers. 2. From a pathologist's point of view the placental site is only a large wound. 3. The cause of the puerperal fever is the introduction of some form of decomposing organic matter into this wound and thence into the blood, just as it occurs in the case of other wounds. 4. That washing with soap and water, as it does not remove all the odour, so it cannot remove all the substance, of such decomposed organic materials. Some substances, such as chloride of lime, will thoroughly do away with these materials. 5. In puerperal fever the cause is decomposing matters either generated in the patient herself or introduced from without by surgeons etc.

In his wards he had the regulation enforced as much as possible that all persons entering should first wash in a solution of chloride of lime just outside the room, and afterwards as often as they touched patients.

The story of Semmelweiss is one of the most pathetic

and instructive in the annals of science. He had the misfortune to belong to an "oppressed nationality," and therefore had to learn a language of purely local use as well as the German tongue, through which alone he could get into touch with the science of the time. Of neither language did he acquire mastery, and he wrote his thoughts with intense difficulty. Skoda, Hebra, and all his friends pressed him vainly for years to overcome his repugnance to writing, and the composition and language of his book when it came out after ten years were almost incoherent. Enthusiasts who insist on preserving poor languages have much to answer for.

His case resembles that of John Mayow, who discovered and knew the importance of oxygen nearly a hundred years before Lavoisier, but told it all in Latin instead of his own English of world-wide use.

It is fortunate for the world that the greater rediscoverer of the value of antiseptics came so soon after Semmelweiss, and was able to deal more reasonably with his opponents, and no one grudges him now his palm.

Yours,

JAMES YOUNG.

BIRD PROTECTION AND THE
SUFFRAGETTES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

28 S. Thomas' Mansions, Westminster,
25 April 1912.

SIR,—As the majority of women in this country have shown themselves incapable of being at the same time fashionable and decently pitiful of the lovely wild birds which are daily immolated for their adornment, there seems to be little use in continuing the campaign for bird-preservation on the old lines. Perhaps, therefore, you will grant me space in your columns to put this question in a new light. The women of this country are clamouring for the vote. They may, if they choose, in their weak submission to the dictates of fashion, show an utter disregard for the world's ideals of womanhood by wearing blood-stained trophies, but, in demanding their "rights", they should first qualify for enfranchisement by considering the rights of others. It is true that the bird-protection laws of the world are mere "man-made" laws; but they were made to regulate an evil which threatened ruin to agriculture and forestry, and woman's repudiation of them is a positive menace to the welfare of mankind.

How indefensible is woman's selfishness in bedecking herself with plumage may be gathered from the following statements.

In 1909 the Bombay Chamber of Commerce was approached by some feather-dealers with the request that the Chamber should give its support to the repeal of the law which prohibits the export of feathers from India. The Chamber, in its dignified refusal, pointed out that it was a recognised fact that crops of all kinds were subjected to incalculable damage by insect pests, and that the combating of this evil was one of the greatest difficulties of the Indian agriculturist. The principal natural enemies of these pests, it was further explained, were the insectivorous birds, yet these were the very species that were relentlessly slaughtered for their plumage.

Quite recently the same feather dealers met with a similar rebuff from the Melbourne Chamber of Commerce (Australia). In refusing to support the position taken up by a book, issued by the trade, which sought to justify the traffic in plumage, the Chamber pointed out that the work performed by the wild birds of the Commonwealth alone, in keeping in check the ravages of myriads of noxious insects, was worth many millions of pounds sterling. The natural enemies of insect pests, the Chamber went on to say, were the birds, and, were they destroyed, Nature would become unbalanced, and successful agriculture become impossible.

Mr. Frank M. Chapman, the great American

naturalist, has stated that it can be clearly demonstrated that if the world should lose its birds it would also lose its forests; yet, as we were told last December in a lecture at the Royal Society of Arts, millions of these feathered creatures, without whose aid trees could not live, are killed annually for no worthier purpose than to bring down the character of women in the eyes of the world—for apart altogether from the illegality of the traffic, the wholesale slaughter for millinery purposes during the breeding season is identical in principle with murdering human parents, leaving babies to die of starvation in the cradle. But, as I have already intimated, the majority of women are indifferent to cruelties they do not witness, especially if they can profit in the way of personal adornment from such cruelties.

This, however, is a question of ethics which the emancipated woman of to-day claims the right to decide for herself. At the same time, these independent spirits have no right to indulge their passion for barbaric display at the price of depriving the world of one of its most valuable natural resources. They cannot plead ignorance of the bird laws of overseas countries, and every woman who wears the plumage of a bird which has come from one or other of these countries knows full well that she was the incentive of violation of those laws. What kind of citizens will such women make if they get the privilege of suffrage?

Faithfully yours,

MARY BUCKLAND A.R.C.I.

THE ACADEMY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Carlton Lodge, Cheltenham.

SIR,—Year after year one hears the same complaint regarding the predominance of fashionable but uninteresting portraits at the Academy, to the exclusion of fine historical and other subjects. But in these days when the motor rules supreme, and people care little for home life or the decoration of their homes, there is little sale for figure pictures or landscapes; indeed the only thing which has any chance is the portrait. People either like to have their faces transferred to canvas and hung on the walls of the Academy to gratify their vanity, or sometimes, from a less ignoble motive, to perpetuate their memory when dead among their relatives or friends. I note that many artists who have made a name as painters of genre landscape and other subjects, and have no special gift for portraiture, are now forsaking that which is their strength and attempting portraits because the latter pays best. Of course, they generally make failures, as that power of painting character and seizing upon a likeness which was conspicuous in the works of Titian, Velasquez, and others, is possessed by only a few.

As artists, like other citizens, must pay their rent and taxes, and cannot subsist on air, one must not blame the Academicians when they try to help their brother artists to earn a living. I can see no immediate remedy; but great art might be encouraged if the Academy or the Government were to institute money prizes for the best historical or other works exclusive of portraits, and also hold in the winter an exhibition for portraits alone; that would relieve the summer exhibition of its uninteresting works and leave more room for subject pictures, landscapes, etc.

Great art is that which stimulates thought. Perfect technique is, of course, an essential, but the subjective element ought not to be entirely ignored.

The eloquent voice of the late John Ruskin is heard no more, and the literary critics are absorbed in mere analysis of colour and composition. Taste would improve if they made some effort to elevate the souls of our artists by a higher and more intellectual treatment of their theme. I should like to see our millionaires building houses with fine large galleries suitable for Art Exhibits. Architects, too, might make this a special and fashionable feature in their designs.

SYDNEY HERBERT.

REVIEWS.

CHATTERTON.

"The Rowley Poems of Thomas Chatterton." Edited by M. E. Hare. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press, 1911. 5s. net.

THIS volume, marked outwardly by the taste and amenity which is now characteristic of the Oxford editions, presents in their original form and spelling the Rowley poems, as they appeared in Tyrwhitt's third edition of 1778. The book is welcome, though for our own part we should be more than content with the same text modernised so far as this could be done without destruction of archaic words themselves. With Chatterton as a prodigy, a curiosity of literature, we have no great concern. It is indeed a misfortune that the accidents of its production should so long have relegated this work to the limbo of literary chit-chat, thereby obscuring its main interest and suggestiveness as a piece of eighteenth-century romanticism. From this standpoint the consciously antiquated spelling is quite unnecessary. A specimen page or two, anyhow, would suffice. Obsolete but vigorous words—and of these Chatterton has abundance—we would of course always retain, but "yttes" for "its" does not strike us as essential to the real thing, and is certainly very tiresome. Many lovers of poetry will drop the book for no other reason; and we regret that the desire for scholastic completeness, in itself laudable, should thus have the effect of "choking off" the non-academic but sincere appetite.

Intrinsically, the value of Chatterton as poet has always been exaggerated. In any case the legend of his career, the tragedy of "the sleepless soul", would have touched his name with glamour. But the essence of his fame lies in the fascination of his personality for the sympathetic spirits of the romantic revival. For Keats, Shelley, and Coleridge, Chatterton was a symbol. They saw in him not only an anticipation of their own return to the early English freshness and fluidity, but a type also of frustrate youth and the agony of genius. The dead boy appeared to them as the victim of some vague and monstrous injustice. "Romantic" poets from Blake onwards, including even Wordsworth in his younger days, were obsessed by a vision of this world as a tyrannous prison for dreamers, and felt the established order of things as a dead weight, crushing out all spiritual beauty. Their generous and, in this respect, uncritical minds flamed up instinctively at such a story as Chatterton's, and he became a focus of their universal anger and pity. To be quite frank, most of them were also attracted by that morbid quality which they shared with him—the feverish ardour, "half in love with easeful death", that is often the secret of their magic. Naturally enough, therefore, their estimate of the young poet slipped into what Matthew Arnold calls "the personal fallacy", and Chatterton's reputation has long loomed through the magnifying nimbus with which they invested him.

Modern critics have followed in similar strain, but their "tributes" (as we believe such compositions should be called) need not detain us. Like the raptures of classical scholars over Sappho, they are somewhat vaporous. Loud eulogies of a poet's work should always be supportable by quotation. Nothing is emptier than lyrical praise outpoured over poetic fragments. The amount of quotable high achievement left by Chatterton is extremely small; indeed, had he been potentially among the greatest poets he could not, at his age, have actually achieved much. Nor does he indicate such potentiality. Nobody, of course, can deny the extraordinary merit, for a boy's work, of the one or two songs which are admittedly his masterpieces.

"See! the white moon shines on high;

Whiter is my true-love's shroud:

Whiter than the morning sky,

Whiter than the evening cloud:

My love is dead,

Gone to his death-bed

All under the willow-tree."

We give the verse as Mr. Quiller Couch has it, in spite of the Oxford editor and others who extract some subtle advantage from reading (say) the third line as

"Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie".

More remarkable still is the other poem, with its plaintive clearness. We transcribe a verse into English:

"The evening comes, and brings the dew along;
The ruddy welkin shineth to the eyne;
Around the ale-stake minstrels sing the song;
Young ivy round the door-post doth entwine;
I lay me on the grass; yet, to my will,
Albeit all is fair, there lacketh something still."

It is not, however, creative originality that makes these things so noteworthy. As positive creation, the "Blessed Damozel" of young Rossetti—by no means a poet of the first rank even in his maturity—is a far more striking boy's production. In estimating Blake's work we should give no more than secondary place to such a poem as "My silks and fine array". It is lovely, but it is a poem of susceptibility rather than of self-expression; an Elizabethan echo caught with wonderful delicacy of ear. Chatterton's genius is entirely of this order. That he "had it in him" to communicate new poetic truth to the world is a claim which can neither be proved nor refuted. There is no evidence. The editor of this volume says that "Chatterton could only produce poetry in his fifteenth century vein", but later on states "he had great originality", and "an inspiration . . . that is of the first order of English poetry". We can only reconcile these comments by assuming that great originality is implied by so intense a susceptibility, in Chatterton's day, to early English poetry. This is true in its way. It does not admit Chatterton to first rank as poet; but it makes him indispensable in a survey of eighteenth-century taste. Intensity of temperament he had beyond question, and he burned his short life away in a passionate desire for beauty. He has the distinction—rare indeed among English writers and readers of poetry—of a true nympholept.

It is fascinating to conjecture how many provincial youths, in 1770, had cast aside the trammels of contemporary authority in art. There must have been others. Chatterton is the dramatic instance of a spirit no doubt widely diffused. We talk of the novelty of the "Lyrical Ballads", and it is commonly taken for granted that the rise of our great romantic school was a more or less sudden insurrection. Burns is considered apart, being a Scot. Blake we usually regard as half prophet and half miracle—a frank contradiction of natural law. Smart's "Song to David" is readily passed in the same category, for it was written in Bedlam. No clear and connected view, in fact, has yet been taken of that vital undercurrent, from Percy's "Reliques" to Wordsworth, which modified the whole thought and feeling of the later eighteenth century. For this neglect we largely blame the "historical method", which has so long seduced us into tracing all distinctively modern literature to the events of the French Revolution. Of poems actually produced in English during the last forty years of that century, we fancy that by far the more considerable moiety would turn out, on sheer calculation, to be poems of the "new" tendency. At any rate it is certain that the essential interest of that period will be found in this strange division of its intellectual life. If anybody sets out to prove that Dr. Johnson at his ripest was not an epitome, but a survival, he will at least have embarked on a plausible and suggestive theme.

The precocious cleverness of these "Rowley" poems, and the boyish trickery of their composition and publication, are matters irrelevant (as we have already hinted) to the broad significance of Chatterton. Perhaps this is why they have been so often discussed. Reams of solemn twaddle have been scribbled about the moral aspects of the "forgery", which is precisely the sort of thing on which pseudo-literary dullards love to batten. We should have been better pleased if

the Oxford Press had cut itself entirely free of these vulgar associations, and given us a complete edition of Chatterton's work in a form which intelligent but impatient people could read without annoyance.

"EDWARD KING: A FATHER IN GOD."

"Edward King, Sixtieth Bishop of Lincoln: a Memoir."
By the Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell. London:
Smith, Elder. 1912. 7s. 6d. net.

THERE were, doubtless, men at Oxford between 1873 and 1885 who went down untouched by the greatest moral and spiritual influence that Oxford had known for many generations. Their lives were poorer for the lack of it. To have come within its range and not to have felt its power and charm would argue a nature somewhat warped or hard. To have gone up with a letter of introduction to Canon King, or otherwise to have gained an entrance to his quiet talks on religion and ethics in the little "Bethel" in the Canons' garden at Christ Church, and there to sit at his feet term after term, this was an opportunity for the undergraduate to gain a footing, from which no "changes and chances of this mortal life" could dislodge him, an opportunity for the clear vision of the things of the "yonside", as his Lincolnshire flock love to term the hereafter, and of the ways which led there. He inspired men with confidence in the Church of England, and submission to her gentle rule. The disciple of Canon King learnt that the Church of England had a mind, but no wish to give to her children "a bit of her mind" by "strapping them down" with hard and fast rules. He realised that it "needs a gentle child to understand a gentle mother". He began, under Canon King's guidance, to hold firmly his own convictions and to exercise patience and charity towards those who differed from him. He learnt from one who lived as well as taught the ancient Church maxim "In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas et in omnibus caritas", from one who held that maxim to express the mind of the Church of England at her best, as taught by her noblest sons. If she taught Evangelical truth, she held to Apostolical order, and that truth and order were best maintained by the love and tact of an Aidan or a Ken. It was from this line of saints that Bishop King was sprung. There is a saintliness which the system of the Church of England is well adapted to foster, if not to produce. It is pictured in Bishop Ken's lines on "The Christian Pastor". To none could they be applied more fitly than to the late Bishop of Lincoln. He was a man of weak health from early years. He writes: "I did not expect to live to middle age". This expectation, disquieting as it might have been, only led him to do as he taught others—"plan your life for seventy years, and then live each day as if it were the last".

His previous training differed from that commonly undergone by the occupants of such posts as those to which he was called. Against his suitability for the office of pastoral professor it was urged that he had no University distinction, yet none who heard him lecture could doubt his qualifications for the post or that his knowledge of Aristotle and Plato exceeded that of many winners of high place in the Greats school. He was never at a public school, yet boys fresh from school flocked to him with their troubles as one who understood the boy's mind, a physician equally skilled to diagnose the disease and to apply the remedy. Not only was he

"In God's own word and sacred learning versed" but

"Deep in the study of the heart immersed".

He exercised the ministry of reconciliation faithfully as a relief offered by the Church to the troubled conscience, without impairing the responsibility of the individual soul to God.

He could win and hold the attention of the Lincolnshire farm-lads and serving lasses, as he had won the

Wheatley lads and lasses long years before. He would astound them and the country parsons, their parish priests, by talking to the young folks of their courting days and other matters in a way that showed a close observation of the habits and thoughts of the class. But he was equally at home with, equally beloved by, every class. The country gentleman, whose reverence and affection were betokened by the two portraits on his table, one of his favourite hound, the other of his Bishop, was a type of his class. The gentry through the length and breadth of the shire (and it is very long and very broad) were devoted to their Bishop. A visitor at the Palace notes "his constant thought and care for those about him, from the lad who carried the coal-scuttles to the most honoured of his guests". He himself writes to a peer: "I have friends amongst (what is called) all classes of society, from your Lordship to one (of whom I felt quite unworthy) who died a felon's death in gaol". What was the secret of this attraction for all sorts and conditions of men? A naturally guileless and straightforward nature backed by a strong belief in God and His overruling providence, a determination always to put first things first, an unshaken love of and trust in his fellow-men. If it be asked, What of permanent value has Edward King bequeathed to the Church and nation, he has shown and enabled others to show that "the Church of England is something more than the shell of an Establishment". If there is in Cuddesdon men an esprit de corps and a devotion to the service of God and man which has set an ideal to those who seek Holy Orders in after generations, it is largely due to the influence of Edward King as Chaplain and Principal of that College.

He has secured for the Church of England, by his endurance of much anxiety and reproach and his willingness to suffer, liberty to maintain a dignified ritual in the administration of the Holy Communion. Yet no one was more alive to the dangers that beset the Ritualistic movement, or did more to check its eccentric developments. He has proved by an episcopate of twenty-five years that the title Father in God is no meaningless phrase, but the expression of a true relation which may be, as it has been, realised between a bishop and his flock. His was indeed "a bishopric of love".

His Confirmation addresses were models of simplicity and tenderness, and what ordinand could ever forget the combined shrewdness and love of the sacred counsels with which he was wont to close the quiet days on the eve of ordination? It was a very even and a very sane life. It developed on sound and healthy lines from start to close. There was a wide, generous outlook on life. Everything that was best in men was drawn out and lifted up. Like all the noblest lives, it was marked by a strong sense of humour and a deep sympathy with men. It is a characteristic picture which represents the Bishop-elect, his goods all packed save Bible, Tertullian and a match-box, addressing a meeting on the eve of his departure from Oxford, and basing his address on the words "Rub lightly".

The aim of the good Bishop's life might be summed up in his own words: "The real want of England is to know the peace and blessedness of the love of God and the love of men in the Sacramental life of the Church". That want he tried to supply as far as in him lay.

Most of the above and more may be gathered from the memoir by Mr. G. W. E. Russell. His task was very difficult. Several small books had already been published dealing with various activities of the Bishop's life, and on some of these the memoir scarcely touches. Hardly anything is said of his Confirmation addresses or of his preparation for ordination, those never-to-be-forgotten days by an ordinand at Lincoln, or of the special care for those ordained by him. For many years they were annually invited to stay a few nights at the Palace, to return to work strengthened and renewed by loving intercourse and counsel. A memoir of one whose charm lay so largely in the play of feature and tone of voice, and all the nameless things that make

up the mystery of personality could hardly fail to be disappointing in some particulars. It cannot be said that the author of the memoir has overcome all the difficulties of his task, of which indeed he is well aware. On one point we unreservedly commend him. The memoir is confined within reasonable limits.

LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE.

"Love's Pilgrimage." By Upton Sinclair. London: Heinemann. 1912. 6s.

THE title of Mr. Upton Sinclair's new novel is as misleading as that of "The Jungle". You might fancy that you were in for a sweet New England romance; but in fact the book consists of a quarter of a million words in full Transatlantic flood; it is divided into two parts; each part divided into books; each book prefaced by a pseudo-idyll in italics stuffed with quotations from Matthew Arnold's "Thyrsis"; the whole prefaced by a note by Mr. Hall Caine and printed on two different kinds of paper—and all for six shillings, or four-and-six cash. Any member of the careless rich, who may squander that sum upon a copy, will get—in amusement—two-and-threepence worth of Mr. Upton Sinclair and two-and-threepence worth of Mr. Hall Caine. Mr. Upton Sinclair's two hundred and fifty thousand words comprise, besides the novel, the complete plots or "scenarios" of two or three prose works, a play, and nearly the whole of a poem written by the hero; as if this were not enough, there is a threat of a sequel at the end of the book, or rather at the place where the book stops. When you finish it and drop it from your twitching fingers, the alarms and ordnance of it continue to roar and crash in your head; on the morrow you may be strong enough to smile weakly at recollecting that the last absurdity of the book is that it is dedicated "to those who throughout the world are fighting for the emancipation of woman".

The principal characters are Thyrsis and Corydon. Corydon is a female; but you must not laugh at that—it is idyllic and naïve and tender. Thyrsis is a genius, an American genius. Mr. Hall Caine says the book contains a vivid realisation of the temperament of genius, and we think he means Thyrsis; you can nose him by his attitude towards Corydon. Thyrsis is poor, but like most Americans he is out for culture; he studies intensely and absorbs enormously; absorbs, that is, all that theorists have written about Man and his Thought, without learning anything about what practical people have experienced of Men and their Life. He finds Corydon—you must recollect she is a female—in the bondage of class conventions, which he proceeds to blast from her by a series of explosive letters. The correspondence between the two runs to seventeen thousand words, and it is all in the book. And as you cannot get a vivid realisation of the temperament of genius without exhibiting it in its domestic relations, Thyrsis and Corydon get married; but the fact that they get married only in the sight of the Church (Unitarian, fee two dollars), and not in the sight of God, brings us back to Mr. Hall Caine and to what we guess from the dedication is meant to be the theme of the book.

Mr. Hall Caine says that Mr. Upton Sinclair's "daring invasion of some of the regions of life [sic] which have usually been held sacred to nature" is justified by being "piercingly and painfully true, pure in purpose and purifying in effect". Anybody who finds offence in the daring invasion must have, says Mr. Hall Caine, an unclean mind; in other words, "anybody who does not agree with me is a person of bad taste". Thyrsis' trouble is that he is much too much of a genius; that is, much too whole-souled in his pursuit of culture, to see any gross immorality in his tacit proposition to treat Corydon to a celibate marriage. Hinc illæ lacrimæ—and other results, narrated in stark detail which Mr. Hall Caine calls pure in purpose and purifying in effect. It is, as we have

said, a matter of taste, and from Mr. Hall Caine's point of view we have an unclean mind. So be it; we hint that we do not at all like the book, and quote for the last time from Mr. Hall Caine's note: "There are other aspects of Mr. Sinclair's book that may appeal to other people".

"WINTERING HAY."

"Wintering Hay." By John Trevena. London: Constable. 1912. 6s.

IT is always difficult to deal justly with a novel which has been heaped together without any sense of proportion or of form. Such a book as this reminds one of a pyramid in decay, impressive by its bulk, depressing by its apparent futility. One wonders what Mr. Trevena set out to do, and if he felt he had achieved his object. One may be sure that he was not concerned to fashion a work of art; but that his work has a purpose, difficult as it may be to discern. "I think you are a weak young man, I think you are a foolish young man, and I rather fancy you are a bad young man. I believe you are going to the devil", said one of its characters to the hero with excellent discrimination; and it is this young man's story which is told with mistaken detail through over five hundred crowded pages. Now, though such a character can only be made either interesting or instructive by a skilful narrator, one would not object to his position as a protagonist on the ground of his weakness, stupidity, and immorality. The Russians, Turgenev in particular, have shown us the sort of drama that can be made from this kind of material, but they can hold their ciphers in a grip of which Mr. Trevena has no conception. He seems to think it sufficient to turn such a creature loose upon the scene, leaving him, slug-like, to record his invertebrate wanderings by the trail of slime left behind him. But there is no art, no force, and very little profit in such a method, which, though it may follow fact, even with servility, has none of the compelling virtue for which the realist should strive. Life may have fallen to Cyril Rossingall exactly as his chronicler describes it, and his story, even as we have it here, may have been worth recounting at such exhausting length, but it needs a shaping and elucidation of which in this volume there is not a hint.

The insufficiency of Mr. Trevena's method is advertised from the outset. He has elected to show us how not his own fortunes alone, but those of all about him, are affected by a man's selfishness and instability of purpose, and yet, as though mistrusting the efficacy of these for his parable, he begins his story and hangs the whole weight of it on an act of homicide. The treatment of homicide as murder appears to be having a vogue with English novelists, but such an enlargement seems almost too stupid in this case to be credited; and it was the author's business to make it credible, as he was going to make so much depend on it. A young man in protecting a woman from a murderous onslaught brings about a man's death from heart disease. The problem is how, without any incriminating circumstance, to set such a youngster at loggerheads with the law, and in the power of any blackmailer who may threaten to invoke it, and Mr. Trevena's solution seems, given Cyril's character, altogether unconvincing; but, having evolved it, he makes use of the tragedy to his story's undoing, since the body of Gideon Fley, the poacher, instead of the soul of Cyril, the poet, becomes the moving impulse in the dramatic machine, and Cyril's character affects the story only as a subsidiary agent.

It is in great part owing to this that the detail appears "mistaken". We are given at great length Cyril's weak and unhappy wanderings, but they never are nor can become a determinative factor, nor are they shown in any way illuminative of such a rudderless career. The category would have had as much meaning had it been compiled from the experience of half-a-dozen persons; it is amorphous. The hero adds sin to sin, making a pack of them, which he carries on his

back to be laid aside, as any traveller's burden, when the right influence arrives to loose the bands by which he is bound to them; but a sense of that terrible moral crystallography, which makes a man from what he does, building, with the crystal's certainty, out of the man himself, a vicious regularity and perfection that grows ever more resistant to the influences which would dissolve it—this apparently is altogether absent from Mr. Trevena's endeavour. Nor are we even shown the process of his falling away from such integrity as he possessed at the outset; we are only told the facts of it; and the facts are not interesting. And the story is throughout freed from requiring the hero's weakness to assist its progress by the corpse of Gideon Fley. Whenever the author thinks it needs a stimulant he makes the dead man turn in someone's memory and produces therefrom a jolt to drive the tale forward in a new direction, and thus destroys what might have been effective in such a drama.

THE "TITANIC".

"Titanic." By Filson Young. London: Grant Richards. 1912. 2s. 6d. net.

CLEARLY, this work, to be justified, must prove to be more than a collection of newspaper paragraphs about a recent event; from the first, knowing something of Mr. Filson Young's record, we felt that it would be, and we have not been disappointed. The book is quite different; it gives indeed a coherent account of events which can be easily followed, but it furnishes, what is more important, a good idea of what a modern liner really is. Tables will not do this; figures are the most deceiving things known to man, because at first sight they appear to arrive at exactitude, whereas they can be made to support all manner of conflicting conclusions according to the way in which we choose to reckon them. In the story we visit the birthplace of the "Titanic", an iron forest rising out of a mud flat, where there are seen "a multitude of pigmy men swarming and toiling amid the skeleton iron structures that are as vast as cathedrals and seem as frail as gossamer". Within this great web of steel Something is taking shape; Something which has been planned with high mathematics, mapped to scale upon sheets of paper, and prepared for by twenty trades which know little of one another. In the course of time it begins to tower above the buildings, to shut out the prospect of a large bit of Belfast, and even to belittle the very hills; it is the new ship. With much greater detail than we can attempt to follow, and with considerable descriptive power and verve, the author describes the covering of the bones and the launching of the great vessel by the aid of hydraulic rams and twenty tons of tallow to smooth the ways, and we picture her out at sea. The reader may suppose himself to be a passenger walking round, and noticing, as anyone must, the differences between the "Titanic" and an ordinary liner. Here we find genuine windows instead of portholes—they are so high up that the smash of the green-deep waves may be presumed not to reach them—open fires instead of stoves, or hot pipes, or nothing, as most people know to their cost of the east-bound ships; and, strangest of all, it must strike the old-fashioned traveller, there are electric lifts taking people from deck to deck, or we might say from floor to floor.

A ship is very much like a town, with its inhabitants all thrown together from everywhere. At first the crowd appears in the mass, then as people become accustomed to look at each other their view grows sharper and more in focus, and they proceed to assort themselves—a thing nobody can ever do for them, though it is very often attempted in institutions with dismal consequences—and soon get to like or dislike their neighbours, and here and there, though we fear but seldom, the "secret and divine signs" are mutually

(Continued on page 694.)

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recognised, and lead to fast unions. The traveller may consider all that is going on simultaneously, from the stokers who, black and grimy, are shovelling coal into the white-hot pits underneath the boilers, to the whimsical passenger who is pursuing a particular trout which, with a number of others, is swimming about in a tank waiting to be cooked—what could have come to them in the final plunge? We get a few words as well about the stores and their vast proportions, such as 30,000 fresh eggs, fifty tons of potatoes, 1000 pounds of tea, 1200 quarts of cream, and much the like, and we get glimpses into the work and play of all the great ship-city as she moves.

And so we arrive at the final day and at the fateful night which appeared so calm. The air was extremely cold; but then it was only April, and somewhere in the region of the Labrador current; what could they expect? The night was starlit and clear, and there was a slight mist away over sea; but who cared for that, and what ever stopped an Atlantic liner carrying mails? No; if anything happened to be in front it had better get out of the way or be ridden over. A slight shock came, aft, it was but little more than a tremor; forward, a grinding, tearing, rumbling, grating sound passed along the hull. They had grazed a low reef of ice—yet more than seven times deep below than above the waves, and perhaps half as wide as the rock of Gibraltar; a murderous barrier with jagged ends and points reaching far below. The great ship heeled with a mortal wound, and only a few men knew, for all held her unsinkable.

Mr. Filson Young portrays the final scenes with dramatic power, and with just that touch of reserve which befits a great tragedy. The largest ship in the world sank as completely as Sir Humphrey Gilbert's "Squirrel" of ten tons had vanished back in 1583. Quietly but irrevocably it settled down to its end, to rest in primeval ooze and eternal darkness. And thus the precious gold-bound book of Omar will lie on the ocean floor to be stared at without intelligence by the strange phosphorescent creatures of the depths; and will be crusted with other than precious stones; in the underworld of sea.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"The Military Band." By George Miller. Novello. 2s. net.
 "The Children's Primer of the Theory of Music." By C. A. Webster. Novello. 1s.

The first of these books is interesting and useful. The second seems to be an attempt to make the elements of music as dreary and dull as possible to the child mind. It is certainly a very successful attempt, and should meet with the cordial approval of Dr. Somervell. For Mr. Miller's little volume most musicians will be grateful. Few composers know much about military bands. When Wagner was ordered to write the Huldigungs-march for an open-air State performance he got a number of military bandmen to his house and had the instruments explained to him as a first step to learning to write for the military orchestra; and we fancy there are few musicians to-day who, placed in similar circumstance, would not be compelled to take a similar course. Mr. Miller has not rendered this unnecessary, but at any rate from this book it is possible to learn the compass and capabilities of each instrument. The explanations are admirably lucid and suggestive; and the final chapters, showing how a work composed originally for the concert-orchestra—Schubert's unfinished symphony—can effectively be arranged for the military band, teaches more than all the text-books. Of course, to write well for any instrument whatever one must be on terms of intimacy with it: nothing can make up for a want of that intimacy. Still, here we may acquire an indispensable knowledge of first principles, a knowledge which will enormously shorten one's after-studies. Mr. Miller has a fine contempt for composers who seek new "effects"—he says the average army drummer has more effects in his "box of tricks" than Elgar and Strauss can hope ever to invent. We fully agree. We note also with satisfaction his remarks on the folly of writing for obsolete instruments or in an obsolete fashion for standard instruments—as, for example, the academic way of writing for trumpets and horns. Students spend weary hours over trumpets in D and horns in E flat, only to find their time has been wasted. We heartily commend this most excellent book.

"The Making of Canada." By A. G. Bradley. London: Constable. Popular Edition. 1912. 5s. net.

"From Halifax to Vancouver." By B. Pullen-Barry. London: Mills and Boon. 1912. 12s. 6d. net.

"Ten Thousand Miles through Canada." By Joseph Adams. London: Methuen. 1912. 6s.

Mr. A. G. Bradley's book on "The Making of Canada", which takes us from the conquest to the war of 1812, needs mention only: this popular edition should carry it into a much wider circle than that to which the original edition appealed. Mr. Bradley shows what Canada was at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Mr. Pullen-Barry and Mr. Adams show us what it is at the beginning of the twentieth. The three books may well be studied together. Mr. Bradley's history is always illuminating, but there is nothing in his vivid narrative more remarkable than the developments which have been witnessed in the Dominion in the last ten or dozen years. Mr. Adams, in his 10,000 miles through Canada, studied its natural resources and its civil and commercial progress, with an eye to its game and its opportunities for the sportsman. He sounds a note of warning as to the Canadian land boom: "The Prairie is not a uniform El Dorado". His pages are more matter-of-fact than Mr. Pullen-Barry's account of his impressions as he "sped over the shining iron ribbons linking the historic East with the phenomenal West". Mr. Pullen-Barry goes into raptures over a country in which, should man's love for his fellow ever surpass that for the dollar, he thinks we might get "a foretaste of Paradise". Women who think of seeking a livelihood in Canada will find some helpful points in Mr. Pullen-Barry's volume. The books are plentifully illustrated from photographs.

"In the Amazon Jungle." By Algot Lange. London: Putnam. 1912. 10s. 6d. net.

Mr. Lange penetrated the jungle of the Upper Amazon, lived among cannibals, and had unique opportunities for studying the life of the forest, the work of the rubber collector, and the habits of the natives. His adventures were often exciting, always trying, and sometimes extremely interesting and instructive. He caught fever which nearly ended his life, and he had the ghastly experience of witnessing a cannibal feast, wondering the while whether he might not provide the next meal. Fortunately, he had made a friend of these Indians; though cunning, happily they were never false. "And the chief had promised that I should not be eaten either fried or stewed." A chapter describing the fight between the Mangeromas and the Peruvians, with its aftermath of horrors, affords a vivid idea of the conditions of life in the Amazon jungle. We cannot say that the rites of the cannibals make pleasant reading, but they were what Mr. Lange saw, and his book is an apparently simple narrative of events which seem to take us back a century or two.

"Life and Work of Frank Holl." By A. M. Reynolds. London: Methuen. 1912. 12s. 6d. net.

A daughter's biography of her father is often sadly lacking in proportion, but in the present volume Mrs. Reynolds almost disarms criticism by the modesty of her claims. Frank Holl R.A. died at the age of forty-three, worn out by overwork, or rather by that "hunger for work" which he admits possessed him early and late. His anecdotal art is fortunately as dead as the period that produced it, but as the portrait painter of most of the important men of his day he played a not undistinguished part.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 15me Mai.

M. Ollivier continues his criticisms and reminiscences of the war of 1870. This article is the most important that has appeared, for it deals to some extent with the events in Paris after the news of the earlier defeats, and the writer gives an account of the action of himself and his colleagues in a very difficult situation. Had he been listened to, it is certain that the Emperor would have returned to the capital, delegating the chief command to Bazaine or some other General, which would at all events have put an end to the miserable hesitations and contradictory orders which helped to ruin all the French chances. He signals the lack of patriotism of the Paris populace as the cause which really prevented France from resisting successfully. Probably he may develop this in later chapters, but we must confess that we have found little that is fresh in his story, interesting as it all undoubtedly is. M. André Chevrillon criticises with great ability and cuteness the literary work of Mr. John Galsworthy, whom he places very high in the ranks of our literary men. In studying the types he sets before us, says M. Chevrillon, we review the whole of the England of to-day. This would appear to some of us exaggerated.

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